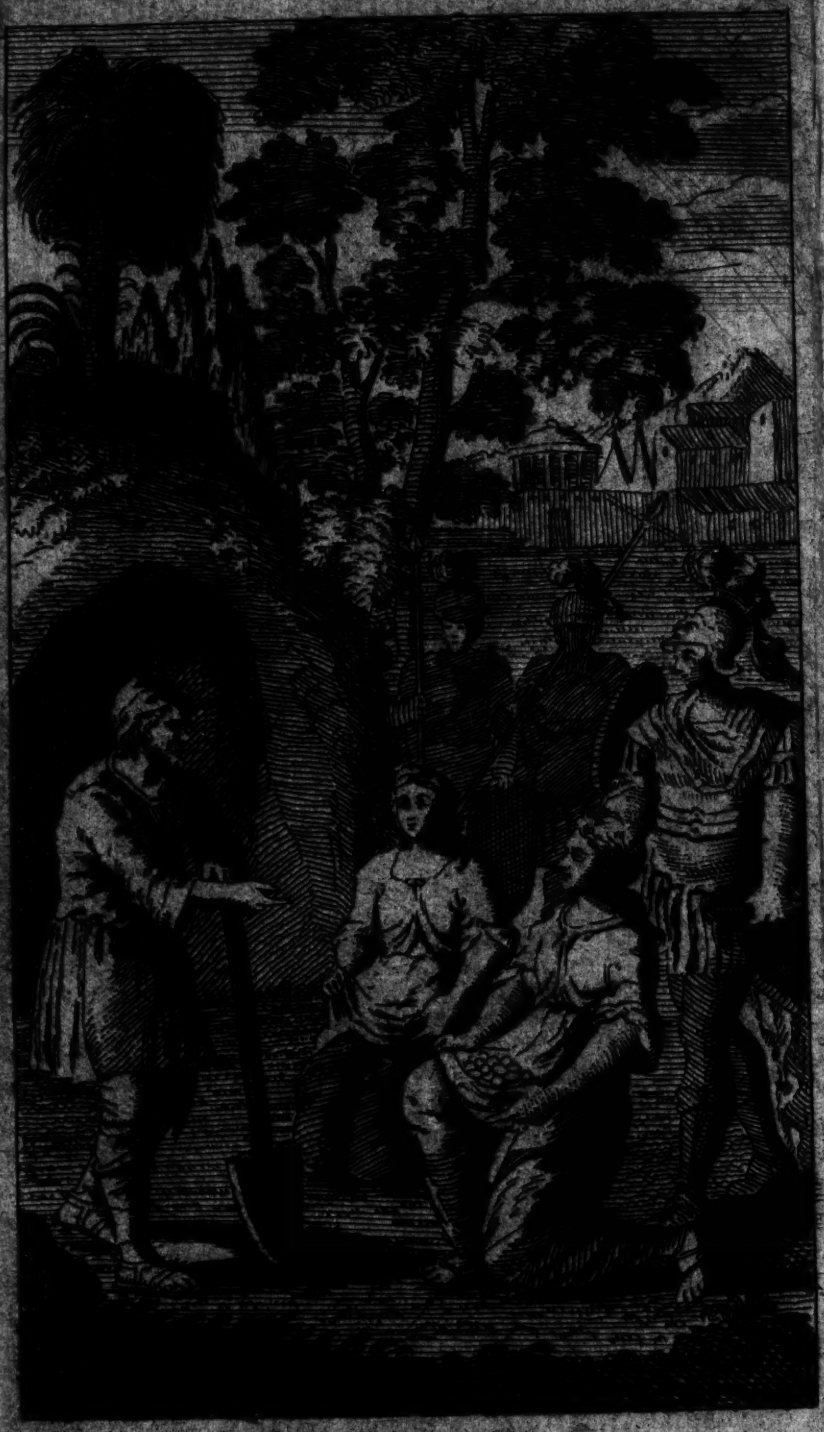

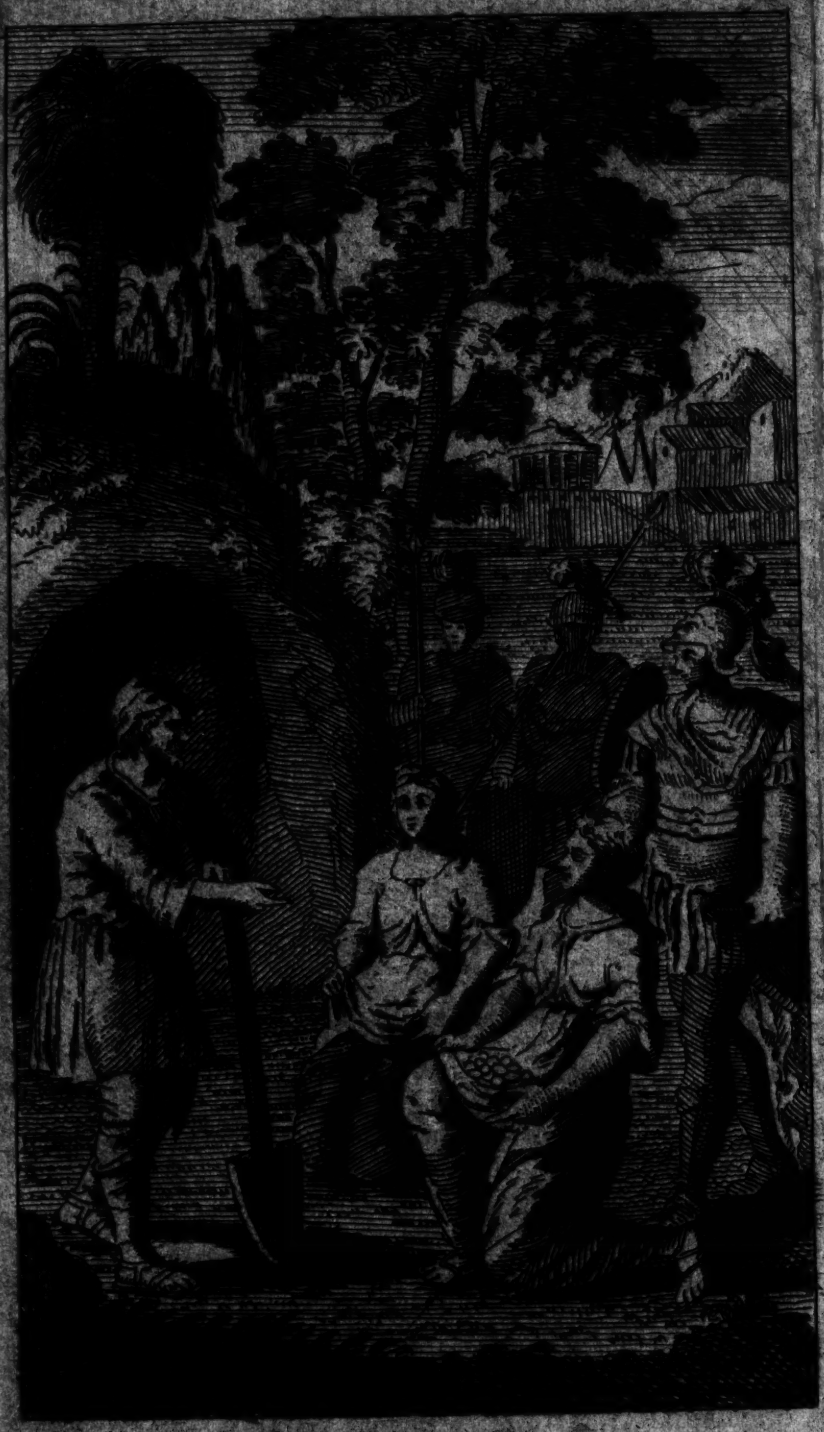

(2)

THE HISTORY OF TIMON *of* ATHENS, THE MAN-HATER

Altered by Mr. SHADWELL.

Shakespeare (W)
7

LONDON:
Printed for the Bookſellers in Town, and Country.

MDCCXL.

HISTORY

28 AUG 57

To the most Illustrious PRINCE

GEORGE,

Duke of *Buckingham.*

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of myself, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The Thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from, and which make all good Men and Men of Sense admire you, and none but Fools

and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly ſenſible what Honour it is to me, that my Writings are approved by your Grace, who, in your own, have ſo clearly ſhewn the Excellency of Wit and Judgment in your ſelf, and ſo juſtly the Defect of 'em in others, that they at once ſerve for the greateſt Example and the ſharpeſt Reproof. And no Man who has perfectly underſtood the *Rehearſal*, and ſome other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiſtle to make a Declamation upon theſe and your other excellent Qualities; for naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough, who cannot have greater Commendations from me, than all who have the Honour to know him already give him. Amongſt which Number I think it my greateſt Happineſs to be one; and can never be prouder of any Thing can arrive to me, than of the Honour of having been admitted ſometimes into your Grace's Converſation, the moſt charming in the World. I am now to preſent your Grace with this Hiſtory of *Timon*, which you were pleaſed to

tell

tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, ſince it has the inimitable Hand of *Shakeſpear* in it, which never made more maſterly Strokes than in this. Yet I can truly ſay, I have made it into a Play, which I humbly lay at your Feet, begging the Countenance of your Favour, which no Man can value more than I ſhall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

Since the bare Gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for briſk Wits o'th' Town,
We mean ſuch as have no Crop of their own;
Methinks you ſhould encourage them that ſow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet muſt maintain a Muſe,
As you do Miſtreſſes for others Uſe:
The wittieſt Play can ſerve him but one Day,
Tho' for three Months it finds you what to ſay.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Eccho's can repeat Wit, tho' they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till ſome into their Emptineſs be blown.
Yet———
To be thought Wits and Judges they're ſo glad,
And labour for't, as if they were Wit mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Buſ'neſs make,
For labour'd Dulneſs grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a fooliſh Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will contemn,
And by this Means a learned Judge will ſeem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thouſand ways the Name to gain.
Pray judge the nauſeous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with Senſe upon the Stage;
To you our Poet not one Line ſubmits,
Who ſuch a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:

PROLOGUE.

'Tis you who truly are so he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with Ease.
In th' Art of judging you as wise are grown
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap'd Barbary *Wits you will despise,*
And none but lusty Sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old English Shakespear *Stomachs you have still,*
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.
You coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down;
Set but your Stamp upon't, tho' it be Brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill current pass:
Try it To-day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sov'reign Empire must submit.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMON *of* Athens.		Mr. *Betterton.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *Captain.*		Mr. *Smith.*
Apemantus, *a rigid Philoſopher.*		Mr. *Harris.*
Nicias,		Mr. *Standford.*
Phæax,		Mr. *Underhill.*
Ælius,	*Senators of* Athens.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Cleon,		Mr. *Norris.*
Iſander,		Mr. *Percival.*
Iſidore,		Mr. *Gillo.*
Thraſillus,		
Demetrius, Timon's *Steward.*		Mr. *Medburne.*
Diphilus, *Servant to* Timon.		Mr. *Bowman.*
Old Man.		Mr. *Richards.*
Poet.		Mr. *Jevon.*
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Muſician.		
Merchant.		

Evandra.		Mrs. *Betterton.*
Meliſſa.		Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Chloe.		Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Thais,	*Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.	Mrs. *Seymour.*
Phrinias,		Mrs. *Le-Grand.*

Servants, Meſſengers, ſeveral Maſqueraders, Soldiers.

SCENE *ATHENS.*

TIMON
OF
ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius.

Demetrius.

HOW ſtrange it is to ſee my riotous Lord
With careleſs Luxury betray himſelf!
To feaſt and revel all his Hours away;
Without account how faſt his Treaſure ebbs,
How ſlowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following Dangers, with his rigorous Frowns
He nipt my growing Honeſty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did ſo.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now, like evil Counſellours, I comply,
And lull him in his ſoft lethargick Life;
And like ſuch curſed Politicians can

Share in the headlong Ruine, and will riſe by't:
What vaſt Rewards to nauſeous Flatterers,
To Pimps and Women what Eſtates he gives!
And ſhall I have no Share? Begone all Honeſty,
Thou fooliſh, ſlender, thread-bare, ſtarving thing begone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow-Horſe-leech: How now, Poet, how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: But is Lord *Timon* viſible?

Dem. He'll come out ſuddenly, what have you to preſent him?

Poet. A little Offspring of my fruitful Muſe: She's in travel daily for his Honour.

Dem. For your own Profit, you groſs Flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aſide.*
Himſelf up to my Lord's Table,
Which he ſeldom fails; nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not bluſh to own
The ſordid Scribler.

Poet. The laſt thing I preſented my noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by Style; that of good Senſe is all alike; that is to ſay, with apt and eaſie Words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' Matter! apt and eaſie!
Heroicks muſt be lofty and high-ſounding;
No eaſie Language in Heroick Verſe:
'Tis moſt unfit: for ſhould I name a Lion,
I muſt not in Heroicks call him ſo!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as ſoon call him an Aſs. No thus——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beaſts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would ſound ſo baldly, not to be endur'd, and a Bull too——but
The mighty Warrior of the horned Race:
Ah!——how that ſounds!

Dem. Then I perceive Sound's the great Matter in this way.

Poet.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you ſound a Fox, as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a ſcurvy Beaſt for Heroick Verſe.

Dem. Hum—is it ſo? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh! very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful Fate-denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent Sound!—But let me ſee your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it--'tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good morrow ſound loftily?

Poet. Oh! very loftily.

——

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance,
Shake off your canopy'd and downy Trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the Morning Dew.*
Each does his daily Leaſe of Life renew.

Now you ſhall hear Deſcription, 'tis the very Life of Poetry.

He darts his Beams on the Lark's moſſy Houſe,
And from his quiet Tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which ſings its Lump of Body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the ſteep Air
With warbling Throat, and makes each Note a Stair,

There's Rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine!

Poet. *This the ſollicitous Lover ſtrait alarms,* ——
Who too long ſlumber'd in his Cælia's *Arms:*
And now the ſwelling Spunges of the Night
With aking Heads flagger from their Delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haſte:
Already now the moving Shops are plac'd
By thoſe who crop the Treaſures of the Fields,
And all thoſe Gems the rip'ning Summer yields.

Who d'ye think they are now? Why——Nothing but Herb-Women: There are fine lofty Expreſſions for Herb-Women! ha! Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No that's true, 'tis Deſcription though.

Dem. Yes, in twenty Lines to deſcribe to him that 'tis about the Fourth Hour in the Morning——I'll in and let him know in three Words 'tis the Seventh. [*Exit* Demet.

Enter Muſician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir: whither this way?

Muſ. To preſent his Honour with a Piece of Muſick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will ſoon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun, whenever he breaks forth,
His univerſal Bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and ſeveral others.*

Jewel. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to ſwarm about the Houſe!

Poet. What Confluence the worthy *Timon* draws!
Magick of Bounty——Theſe familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a ſplendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb Piece of Poetry:
But you preſent a ſpeaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing ſlipt idly from me:
The Fire within the Flint ſhews not itſelf,
Till it be ſtruck; our gentle Flame provokes
It ſelf——

Dem. You write ſo ſcurvily, the Devil's in any Man that provokes you but yourſelf.

Poet. It is a pretty Mocking of the Life.

Paint. So, ſo.

Dem. Now muſt theſe Raſcals be preſented all,
As if they had ſav'd his Honour, or his Life;
And I muſt have a Feeling in the Buſineſs.

Enter certain Senators who go in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd!

[*Enter more who paſs over.*

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit!

Jewel. A moſt worthy Lord!

Poet. What a Flood of Viſitors his Bounty draws!

Dem. You ſee all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and ſlippery Creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere Quality, preſent
Their Services to Lord *Timon*'s proſp'rous Fortune;
He to his good and gracious Nature does ſubdue
All ſorts of Tempers, from the ſmooth-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philoſophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almoſt abhor
Himſelf——

Paint. He is a moſt excellent Lord, and makes the fineſt Picture!

Poet. The Joy of all Mankind; he deſerves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A moſt accompliſh'd Perſon!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all Parallel!

Dem. And yet theſe Rogues, were this Man poor, would fly him, as I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Muſick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Muſick!
In what Delights he melts his Hours away!

Enter Timon *and Senators,* Timon *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to all.*

Tim. My Lord, you wrong yourſelf, and 'bate too much of your own Merits: 'Tis but a Trifle.

Ælius. With more than common Thanks I muſt receive it.

Iſidore. Your Lordſhip has the very Soul of Bounty.

Phæax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other Day
Commended a Bay Courſer which I rode on.
He's yours, becauſe you lik'd him.

Phæax. I beſeech your Lordſhip pardon me in this.

Tim. My Word is paſt: Is there aught elſe you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can juſtly praiſe
But what he does affect, and I muſt weigh
My Friends Affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your Viſits, Lords,

My Heart is not enough to give, methinks
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends, and ne'er be weary.
Ælius. We all muſt ſtand amaz'd at your vaſt Bounty!
Clean. The Spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!
Phœax. Your Bounty's as diffuſive as the Sea.
Tim. My noble Lords, you do me too much Honour.
Iſand. There lives not ſuch a noble Lord on Earth.
Thraſil. None but the Sun and he oblige without
A Proſpect of Return.

Enter a Meſſenger, and whiſpers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius imprifon'd! ſay you?
Meſſ. Yes, my good Lord, Five Talents is his Debt,
His Means are ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtrict,
He begs your Letter to thoſe cruel Men,
That may preſerve him from his utter Ruine.
Tim. I am not of that Temper, to ſhake off
My Friend when moſt he needs me. I know him,
A Gentleman that well deſerves my Help;
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the Debt and free him.
Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him to your Service.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his Ranſom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up,
But to ſupport him after——tell him ſo.
Meſſ. All Happineſs to your Honour. [Ex. *Meſſenger.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good Father.
Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus.*
Tim. I have ſo, that is he.
Old Man. That Fellow there by Night frequents my Houſe.;
I am a Man that from my firſt have been
Inclin'd to Thrift, and my Eſtate deſerves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.
Tim. Go on.
Old Man. I have an only Daughter; no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt.

This Man attempts her Love; pray, my good Lord,
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my Mind in vain.

Tim. The Man is honeſt.

Old Man. His Honeſty rewards him in himſelf;
It muſt not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diph. Yes, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her Marriage my Conſent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will make
The Beggars of the Street my Heirs, ere ſhe
Shall have a Drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has ſerv'd me long;
There is a Duty from a Maſter too:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtrain a little;
Whate'er your Daughter's Portion weighs, this Man's
Shall counterpoiſe.

Old Man. Say you ſo, my Noble Lord!
Upon your Honour this, then ſhe is his.

Tim. Give me thy Hand: My Honour on my Promiſe.

Diph. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my Knees:
May I be as miſerable as I ſhall be baſe
When I forget this moſt ſurprizing Favour:
No Fortune or Eſtate ſhall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your Feet.

Tim. Riſe——I ne'er do Good with Proſpect of Return,
That were but merchandizing, a mere Trade
Of putting Kindneſs out to Uſe.

Poet. Vouchſafe
T' accept my Labours, and long live your Lordſhip.

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my Friend?

Paint. A Piece of Limning for your Lordſhip.

Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you ſhall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordſhip mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Poet. No, my good Lord; he ſpeaks what all Men think.

Apem. Scum of Flatterers, wilt thou ſtill perſiſt
For ſilthy Gain, to gild and vamiſh o'er
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we muſt be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordſhip. [*Turns.*

Apem. Yes, and without him too: Vain, credulous
If thou believ'ſt this Knave, thou art a Fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good-morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow;
Till thou art *Timon*'s Dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant:
They're all baſe Fawners; what a Coile is here
With ſmiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the Legs they make
Are worth the Sums they coſt you: Friendſhip's full
Of Dregs; baſe, filthy Dregs. Thus honeſt Fools
Lay out their Wealth for Cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your Names?

Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thyſelf art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why ſo?

Apem. To give Belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſtill myſelf the greateſt Flatterer:
What ſhould great Men be proud of 'ſtead of Noiſe
And Pomp and Show, and holding up their Heads,
And cocking of their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee
Baſe ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?
Did they but ſee their own ridiculous Folly,
Their mean and abſurd Vanities; they'd hide
Their Heads within ſome dark and little Corner,
And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.

Tim. Thou haſt too much Sow'rneſs in thy Blood.

Poet. Hang him,——ne'er mind him——

Apem. What is this fooliſh Animal Man, that we
Should magnifie him ſo? A little warm

And

And walking Earth, that will be Aſhes ſoon;
We come into the World crying and ſqualling,
And ſo much of our Time's conſum'd in driv'ling Infancy,
In Ignorance, Sleep, Diſeaſe, and Trouble, that
The Remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phæax. A preaching Fool!

Apem. A Fool? if thou had'ſt half my Wit, thou'dſt find
Thyſelf an Aſs! Is it not Truth I ſpeak!
Are n't all the Arts and Subtleties of Men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
To paſs away their happieſt Hours with,
And make a heavy Life be borne with Patience?

Tim. I, with the Help of Friends, will make mine eaſier
Than what your Melancholly frames.

Apem. How little do'ſt thou look before thee!
Thou, who takes
Such great Felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own Enjoyments, wilt, ere long,
Find 'em ſuch thin, ſuch poor and empty Shadows,
That thou wilt wiſh thou never had'ſt been born.

Tim. I do not think ſo.

Phæax. Hang him, ſend him to the *Areopagus*, and let him be whipt!

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often ſuffer,
Whilſt Injuries, Oppreſſors, and deſertleſs Fools
Swell in their brief Authority, look big,
And ſtrut in Furs; 'tis a foul Shame,
But 'tis a loathſome Age,——it has been long
Impoſthumating with its Villainy;
And now the Swelling's broken out
In moſt contagious Ulcers; no Place free
From the deſtructive Peſtilence of Manners;
Out upon't! 'tis time the World ſhould end!

Tim. Do not rail ſo——'tis to little Purpoſe.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning Lecture,
And I'll begone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s Brains.

Tim. Why: That's a Deed thou'lt die for, *Apemantus*.

Apem.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing pleaſe thee? how doſt thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the Thing 'twas drawn for:
'Twill neither lie, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut
His Throat behind his Back;
For ſince falſe Smiles, and baſe Diſhonour
Traffique with Man's Nature,
He is but mere Out-ſide; Pictures are
Even ſuch as they give out: Oh! did you ſee
The Inſides of theſe Fellows Minds about you,
You'd loath the baſe Corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul-mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts us not. How lik'ſt thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not ſo well as Plain-dealing, which will not coſt a Man a Doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What Fools eſteem it, 'tis not worth my thinking. Lo, now the mighty Uſe of thy great Riches!
That muſt ſet infinite Value on a Bauble!
Will't keep thee warm, or ſatisfy thy Thirſt,
Or Hunger? No, it is Compariſon
That gives it Value; then thou look'ſt upon
Thy Finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childiſh Pleaſure!
What ſtretcht Inventions muſt be found to make
Great Wealth of Uſe! Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'ſt thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel
Two Men a Day flattering me, till I
Had beaten the whole Senate.

Phæax. Let the Villain
Be ſoundly puniſh'd for his licentious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honeſt, 'tis his Humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleaſant. You muſt dine with me,
Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies would be angry.

Apem.

Apem. Yet they, with all their modeſt Simperings
And varniſh'd Looks, can ſwallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous Vizors
On, till a poor little Baſtard ſteals into
The World, and tells a Tale.

Enter Nicias.

Tim. My noble Lord, welcome! moſt welcome to my [Arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my Happineſs
Did ſpring! your matchleſs Daughter, fair *Mekiſſa.*

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord. [light

Tim. I cannot, ſhe is the Joy of *Athens!* the chief De-
Of Nature, the only Life I live by: Oh, that her Vows
Were once expir'd! It is methinks, an Age
Till that bleſt Day when we ſhall join our Hands
And Hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a Thouſand Years.

Apem. Thou miſerable Lord, haſt thou, to compleat
All thy Calamities, that Plague of Love,
That moſt unmanly Madneſs of the Mind,
That ſpecious Cheat, as falſe as Friendſhip is?
Did'ſt thou but ſee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou would'ſt abhor to laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no Railing on this Subject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted Time! that Men ſhould be*
Deaf to good Counſel not to Flattery!

Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now viſit our Gardens,
And refreſh ourſelves with ſome cool Wines and Fruit:
I am tranſported with your Viſits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unleſs it be that he can more beſtow
Upon the Men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your
Friendſhip, tho' without a Dowry?

Iſid. Moſt worthy *Timon!*
Who has a Life you may not call your own?

Phædr. We are all your Slaves.

Poet. The Joy of all Mankind!

Jewel. Great Spirit of Nobleneſs!

Tim.

Tim. We muſt not part this Day, my Friends.

Ap. So, ſo, crouching Slaves! Aches contract and make
Your ſupple Joints to wither; that there ſhould be
So little Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this Courteſy!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kiſs
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains! Villains!
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Timon. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your Looks are chang'd,
And clouded with ſome Grief that miſbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were ſaluted with
The moſt unhappy News, the diſmal'ſt Story,
The only one could have afflicted me;
My Dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted,
With a cold Sweat o'er all my Limbs.

Tim. What is it, Madam?

Evan. You ſpeak not with the Kindneſs you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer Words than theſe:
It is too true, and I am miſerable?

Tim. What is't diſturbs you ſo—too well I gueſs. [*Aſide.*

Evan. I hear I am to loſe your Love, which was
The only earthly Bleſſing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I muſt ever love my excellent *Evandra!*

Evan. *Meliſſa* will not ſuffer it: Oh cruel *Timon!*
Thou well may'ſt bluſh at thy Ingratitude!
Had I ſo much t'wards thee, I ne'er ſhou'd ſhow
My Face without Confuſion: Such a Guilt,
As if I had deſtroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eſtate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I could prefer before
All told Reſpects of Kindred, Wealth, and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind ſo far above Return,
That 'tis beyond Expreſſion.

Evan. Call to Mind
Whoſe Race I ſprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Tho' not my Fortune, Beauty and my Youth,
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none,
You on your Knees a thouſand times have ſworn,

That

That they exceeded all, and yet all theſe,
The only Treaſures a poor Maid poſſeſt,
I ſacrific'd to you, and rather choſe
To throw myſelf away, than you ſhould be
Uneaſy in your Wiſhes; ſince which happy,
And yet unhappy Time, you've been to me
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one ſingle Wiſh beyond you;
Nay, every Action, every Thought of mine,
How far ſoe'er their large Circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you; You were
My End, the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She ſtrikes me to the Heart! I would I had
Not ſeen her! [*Aſide.*

Evan. Ah *Timon!* I have lov'd you ſo, that had
My Eyes offended you, I with theſe Fingers
Had pluckt 'em by the Roots, and caſt them from me:
Or had my Heart contain'd one Thought that was
Not yours, I with this Hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can ſay this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witneſs
By many long repeated Acts of Love
And Bounty I have ſhow'd you——

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon!*
I am not yet ſo mean, but I contemn
Your tranſitory Dirt, and all Rewards,
But that of Love; your Perſon was the Bound
Of all my Thoughts and Wiſhes; in Return
You *have* lov'd me! Oh miſerable Sound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not Maſter of his Appetites,
Heav'n ſways our Mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to Falſhood:
How many thouſand times y'have vow'd and ſworn
Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet abſolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever,
My Love's as much too much as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my Happineſs,
Meliſſa; Beauty and her Love to me

Has ſo inflam'd me, I can have none without her.
Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you firſt,
My dear falſe *Timon*, ſwore to me, wou'd you
Have wiſh'd I might have found my Happineſs
Within another's Arms: No, no, it is
To Love a Contradiction.
Tim. 'Tis a Truth I cannot anſwer.
Evan. Beſides, *Meliſſa*'s Beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little Stock;
Ev'n Modeſty may praiſe itſelf when 'tis
Aſpers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
Moſt mercenary, baſe; 'tis Marriage Love:
She gives her Perſon, but in vile Exchange
She does demand your Liberty: But I
Could generouſly give without mean Bargaining,
I truſted to your Honour, and loſt mine,
Loſt all my Friends and Kindred; but little thought
I ſhould have loſt my Love, and caſt it on
A barren and ungrateful Soil that would return no Fruit.
Tim. This does perplex me, I muſt break it off. [*Aſide.*
Evan. The firſt Storm of your Love did ſhake me ſo,
It threw down all my Leaves, my hopeful Bloſſoms,
Pull'd down my Branches; but this latter Tempeſt of your [Hate
Strikes at my Root, and I muſt wither now,
Like a deſertleſs, ſapleſs Tree: muſt fall——
Tim. You are ſecure againſt all Injuries
While I have Breath——
Evan. And yet you do the greateſt.
Tim. You ſhall be ſo much Partner of my Fortune
As will ſecure you full Reſpect from all,
And may ſupport your Quality in what Pomp
You can deſire.
Evan. I am not of ſo coarſe a Mold, or have
So groſs a Mind, as to partake of aught
That's yours without you——
But oh thou too dear perjur'd Man! I could
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathſome Dun- [geon!
Before the ſtately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the Noiſe, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering Splendor of a Palace.

Tim. I by reſiſtleſs Fate am hurry'd on——
Evan. A vulgar, mean Excuſe for doing ill.
Tim. If that were not, my Honour is engag'd——
Evan. It had a Pre-engagement——
Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry, and to preſerve my Race.
Evan. Suppoſe your Wife be falſe (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*) and ſuffer others to graft upon
Your Stock; where is your Race? Weak, vulgar Reaſon!
Tim. Her Honour will not ſuffer her.
Evan. She may do it cunningly, and keep her Honour.
Tim. Her Love will then ſecure her; which is as fervent.
Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that baſe *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandiſe, to traffique Hearts
For Marriage and for Dowry, who's ſecure?
Now her great Sign of Love is, ſhe's content
To bind you with the ſtrongeſt Chains, and to
A Slavery nought can manumize you from
But Death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without thoſe vile Conditions——
Tim. Why are not our Deſires within our Power?
Or why ſhould we be puniſh'd for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own Affections;
They're moved by ſome inviſible active Pow'r,
And we are only paſſive; and whatſoe'er
Of Imperfection follows from th' Obedience
To our Deſires, we ſuffer, not commit,
And 'tis a cruel and a hard Decree,
That we muſt ſuffer firſt, and then be puniſh'd for't.
Evan. Your Philoſophy is too ſubtle——but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a Bond of Truth, which does conſiſt
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are thoſe
Charms or Philtres? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
Firſt lifted o'er the Threſhold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minerva*'s Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifer's Blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno* or the *Parcæ*:

No Coachman drove me with a lighted Torch;
Nor was your Houſe adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my Head, or lighted
By my dear Mother's Torches to your Bed:
Are theſe ſlight things the Bond of Truth and Conſtancy?
I came all Love into your Arms, unmix'd
With other Aims; and you for this will cauſe
My Death.

Tim. I'd ſooner ſeek my own, *Evandra.*

Evan. Ah, my Lord! if that be true, then go not to
For I ſhall die to ſee another have [*Meliſſa,*
Poſſeſſion of all that e'er I wiſh'd for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not ſeen *Meliſſa.*

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord! there is ſome Comfort left;
Cheriſh thoſe noble Thoughts, and they'll grow ſtronger,
Your lawful Gratitude and Love will riſe,
And quell the other Rebel-Paſſion in you:
Uſe all the Endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my Relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be womaniſh; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy Word! Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear;
Farewel: But will you never ſee *Meliſſa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! retire.

Evan. I will——will you remember your *Evandra?*

Tim. Yes, I will. [*Ex.* Evan.
How happy were Mankind in Conſtancy,
'Twould equal us with the celeſtial Spirits!
O could we meet with the ſame Tremblings ſtill,
Thoſe panting Joys, thoſe furious Deſires,
Thoſe happy Trances which we found at firſt;
But, Oh!

Unhappy Man, whoſe moſt tranſporting Joy
Feeds on ſuch luſcious Food as ſoon will cloy,
And that which ſhould preſerve, does it deſtroy.

[*Exit* Timon.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. WHAT think'ſt thou, *Chloe?* will this Dreſs become me?

Chl. Oh, moſt exceedingly! This pretty Curl does give you ſuch a killing Grace, I ſwear that all the Youth at the Lord *Timon*'s Maſque will die for you.

Mel. No: But do'ſt thou think ſo, *Chloe?* I love to make thoſe Fools die for me, and I all the while look ſo ſcornfully, and then, with my Head on one Side, with a languiſhing Eye, I do ſo kill 'em again! Prithee, what do they ſay of me, *Chloe?*

Chl. Say! that you are the Queen of all their Hearts, their Goddeſs, their Deſtiny; and talk of *Cupid*'s Flames, and Darts and Wounds! Oh the rareſt Language! 'twould make one die to hear it; and every now and then they ſtral ſome Gold into my Hand, and then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they? and do they die for me?

Chl. Oh yes, the fineſt, propereſt Gentlemen——

Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humph—

Chl. O yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theſſalus*, *Eumolpides*, *Menon*, and indeed all that ſee your Ladyſhip.

Mel. I'll ſwear!—— how is my Complexion to Day? ha, *Chloe?*

Chl. O moſt fragrant! 'tis a rare White-wash this!

Mel. I think it is the beſt I ever bought; had I not beſt lay on ſome more red, *Chloe?*

Chl. A little more would do well; it makes you look ſo pretty, and ſo plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dreſſing.

Chl. Oh no! I vow you have been but bare three Hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were ſure to be thus pretty but ſeven Years, I'd be content to die on that Condition.

Chl. The Gods forbid.

Mel. I ſwear I would; but do'ſt thou think *Timon* will like me in this Dreſs?

Chl. Oh he dies for you in any Dreſs, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor, that brought me not home my new Habit To-day; he deſerves the Oſtracism! a Villain, to diſorder me ſo; I am afraid it has done harm to my Complexion: I have dreamt of it theſe two Nights, and ſhall not recover it this Week———

Chl. Indeed, Madam, he deſerves Death from your Eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon* perceive my Diſorder?——hah——

Chl. Oh no; but you ſpeak as if you made this killing Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one; I love to have all the young Blades follow, kiſs my Hand, admire, adore me, and die for me: But I muſt have one favour'd Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry I muſt look after in the reſt.

Chl. Oh Lord! I would have as many Admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay, ſo would I——but favour one alone. No, I am reſolv'd nothing ſhall corrupt my Honeſty; theſe Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, and that undoes us; 'tis our Intereſt to be honeſt.

Chl. Would they? No, I warrant you; I'd fain ſee any of theſe Admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honeſtly, and is rich———

Chl. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*: He is the rareſt Perſon!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh! he was the beautiful'ſt Man, the fineſt Wit in *Athens*; the beſt Companion, fulleſt of Mirth and Pleaſure, and the pretti-eſt Ways he has to pleaſe Ladies! He would make his Enemies rejoice to ſee him.

Chl. Why he is all this! and can do all this ſtill.

Mel. Ay, but he has been long baniſh'd, for breaking *Mercury*'s Images, and profaning the Myſteries of *Proſerpine*; beſides, the People took his Eſtate from him, and I hate a poor Fellow, from my Heart, I ſwear, I vow, methinks I look ſo pretty To-day, I could kiſs myſelf, *Chloe*.

Chl. Oh dear Madam! ——— I could look on you for ever: Oh what a World of Murder you'll commit To-day!

Mel. Doſt thou think ſo? ha! ha! no, no——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his Presence.

Tim. There is Enchantment in her Looks,
Afresh I am wounded every Time I see her:
All Happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th' Excellence
Of heav'nly Woman kind is seen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy Metal up without Allay.

Mel. I have no Value, but my Love of you,
And that I am sure has no Allay, 'tis of
So strong a Temper, neither Time, nor Death,
Nor any Change can break it——

Tim. Dear charming Sweet, thy Value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me;
But I have still an Enemy with you,
That guards me from my Happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in Force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: In all approaching Joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the Time
Seems longer to us; But my dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with Vows and Oaths?
Alas! by Nature we are too much confin'd;
Our Liberty's so narrow, that we need not
Find Fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On Pleasure wheresoever we find it,
Lest at another Time we miss it there.

Cbl. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench! I cannot get my Things
In Order till that Time? do'st think I will
Be marry'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first Offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no Hope that you will break your Vow?

Mel. If any Thing, one Word of yours wou'd do't.

But

But how can you be once ſecure I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to myſelf?

Tim. Some dreadful Accident may come, *Meliſſa*,
To interrupt our Joys; let us make ſure
O'th' preſent Minute, for the reſt, perhaps,
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it ſhou'd, if I ſhou'd break a Vow;
No, you ſhall never find a Change in me;
All the fix'd Stars ſhall ſooner ſtray
With an irregular Motion, than I change:
This may aſſure you of my Love, if not,
Upon my Knees I ſwear——
Were I the Queen of all the Univerſe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Miſery,
I would not change my Love to him.

Tim. And here I Vow,
Should all the Frame of Nature be diſſolv'd,
Should the firm Center ſhake, ſhould Earthquakes rage
With ſuch a Fury to diſorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their firſt *Chaos*,
As long as I could be, I'd be the ſame,
The ſame Adorer of *Meliſſa!*

Mel. This is ſo great a Bleſſing Heav'n can't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Meliſſa*, the laſt Mark
Of all my Hopes and Wiſhes; ſo I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lordſhip's Gueſts wait your wiſh'd-for Preſence: The Lord *Nicias* is already there.

Tim. Let's haſte to wait on him, *Meliſſa*.

Mel. It is my Duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants *ſetting Things in Order for the Feaſt.*

Poet. His Honour will ſoon be here, I have prepar'd the Maſkers; they are ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet!* what Piece of Foppery haſt thou to preſent to *Timon?*

Poet.

Poet. Thou art a senseless, snarling *Stoick*, and hast no Taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy, foolish Scribler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding, frothy Stuff;
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little Sense;
'Tis all Leaf-Gold, it has no Weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent Description,
And when thou hast a Rapture, it is not
The sacred Rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like mad Mens Thoughts; and this thou call'st poetical.

Poet. You a Judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us, the nimble Fancies and quick Spirits
Of th' Age?

Apem. The Coxcombs of the Age! Are there such eminent Fopperies as in the Poets of this Time? Their most unreasonable Heads are whimsical, and fantastick as Fidlers: They are the Scorn and Laughter of all witty Men; the Folly of you makes the Art contemptible: None of you have the Judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phœax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base, snarling Critick; write yourself, and you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring Piece of Valour, for a Man of Sense, to write to an Age that likes your spurious Stuff.

Nic. What Time of the Day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That Time serves always.

Apem. Then what Excuse hast thou, that would'st thus long omit it?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timon*'s Feast?

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewel.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little Reason or Honesty to return thee one good Wish for it.

Phœax.

Phæax. Go hang thyſelf!

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy Requeſts to thy Friend, if there be ſuch a Wretch on Earth.

Phæax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog! or I will ſpurn thee from me.

Apem. Tho' I am none, I'll fly like a Dog at the Heels of the Aſs.

Nic. He's oppoſite to all Humanity——

Ælius. Now we ſhall taſte of *Timon*'s Bounty.

Phæax. He has a Heart brimful of Kindneſs and Good-will——

Iſid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if *Plutus*, the God of Wealth, were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays ſev'n-fold above its ſelf; no Gift but breeds the Giver ſuch Return as does exceed his Wiſhes.

Thraſil. He bears the nobleſt Mind that ever govern'd Man.

Phæax. Long may he live with proſperous Fortunes. But I fear it——

Ælius. I hear a Whiſper, as though he fails his Creditors, even of their Intereſt.

Phæax. I fear it is too true—well, 'tis Pity: But he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon *with* Meliſſa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great Train with him.*

Here he comes——My Noble Lord!

Nic. Moſt worthy *Timon!*

Ælius. My moſt honoured Lord!

Tim. You over-joy me with your Preſence! is there on Earth a Sight ſo ſplendid, as Tables well fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you—Dear *Meliſſa!* be pleas'd to know my Friends—Oh *Apemantus!* thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou ſhalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee Truth, and if thou hear'ſt me,
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: Think
On the Ebb of your Eſtate, and Flow of Debts;
How many prodigal Bits do Slaves and Flatterers gorge?
And now 'tis noble *Timon!* worthy *Timon!* royal *Timon!*
And when the Means is gone that buys this Praiſe,

The

The Breath is gone whereof the Praiſe is made.

Tim. It is not ſo with my Eſtate.

Apem. None are ſo honeſt to tell thee of thy Vanities, So the Gods bleſs me.

When all your Offices have been oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken Spilth of Wine, when every Room
Has blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minſtrels,
Or roaring ſinging Drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and ſet my Eyes
At flow for thee, becauſe I find ſomething
In thee that might be worthy——but as thou art,
I hate and ſcorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Eſtate, I
Am rich in Friends, my noble Friends here,
The deareſt, loving Friends that ever Man
Was bleſt with.

Nic. Oh might we have
An happy Opportunity to ſhew
How we love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but uſe our Hearts.

Lland. We'd lay 'em out all in your Service.

Phæax. Yes, all ourſelves, if you would put us to
A Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd ſerve me all:
Shall I diſtruſt my Friends! I have often wiſht
My ſelf poorer, that I might uſe you——We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unleſs we uſe 'em, are like ſweet Inſtruments
Hung up in Caſes: But oh, what a precious Comfort
'Tis to have ſo many like Brothers, commanding
One another's Fortunes! Truſt me, my Joy brings Water
To my Eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like Conception in my Eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho——I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a Baſtard.

Tim. What doſt thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear theſe Smell-feaſts lie and fawn ſo, not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge: These

These Flies, who at one Cloud of Winter-showers would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog!

Phæax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile Earth, of what mean Dirt, a Lord is kneaded!

Tim. The Man I think is honest, and his Humour hurts us not.

Apem. I would my Reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon*.

Mel. This is an odd snarling Fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could, without lying, I'd say the same of thee.

Mel. Why prithee what dost think of me?

Tim. He'll snarle at thee.

Mel. No Matter.

Apem. I think thou art a Piece of white and red Earth, the Picture of Vanity drawn to the Life; I am thinking how handsome that Skull will be when all the Flesh is off: That Face thou art so proud of is a poor, vain, transitory Thing, and shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him! scurvy poor Fellow!

Tim. No more of this; be not so sullen, I'll be kind to thee, and better thy Condition.

Apem. No; I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail at thee, and then thoud'st sin the faster: *Timon*, thou giv'st so long, thou'lt shortly give thyself away.

Tim. I'll hear no more; let him have a Table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water, such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink, before Eating and Drinking grew into an Art.

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit, dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast;
All you see is yours;
And all that you can wish for shall be so.
Come, sit, Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at first to set a Gloss
On feigned Deeds, and hollow-hearted Welcomes;
Recanting Goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn:
True Friendship needs 'em not; you're more welcome

To

To my Fortunes than my Fortunes are to me. [*They ſit.*
Will you not have ſome Meat, *Apemantus?*

Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter ye. Ye Gods, what a Number of Men
Eat *Timon!* and yet he ſees 'em not.
It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their Meat
In one Man's Blood; and all the Madneſs is,
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder Men dare truſt themſelves with Men:
Methinks they ſhould invite them without Knives,
'Twere ſafer far. That Fellow that ſits next him,
Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath
In a divided Draught, may next Day kill him.
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man,
I ſhould b' afraid to drink at Meals,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my Windpipe's dangerous Places:
Great Men ſhould drink with Harneſs on their Throats.

Tim. Now, my Lords, let *Meliſſa*'s Health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this Way.

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets ſound.*

Apem. How this Pomp ſhews to a little Oil and Roots!
——Theſe Healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phœax. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honeſt Water ne'er left Man i'th' Mire,
This and my Root will ſtill keep down
My ſaucy and preſumptuous Fleſh,
That it ſhall never get the better of me——.

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my ſelf:
Grant, I may never be ſo fond
To truſt Man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a Gaoler with my Freedom,
Or my Friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and ſo ſhall to't;
Great Men ſin, and I eat Root.

Much Good may't do thee, good *Apemantus.*

Nic. Our noble Lord *Timon*'s Health, let it go round,
And Drums and Trumpets ſound. [*Kettle-Drums*, &c.

Apem. What Madneſs is the Pomp, the Noiſe, the Splendor,
The frantick Glory of this fooliſh Life!
We make our ſelves Fools to diſport our ſelves,
And vary a Thouſand antick ugly Shapes
Of Folly and of Madneſs; theſe fill up
The Scenes and empty Spaces of our Lives.
Life's nothing but a dull Repetition,
A vain fantaſtick Dream, and there's an End on't.

Tim. Now, my good Lords and Friends, I ſpeak to you,
ou that are of the Council of Four Hundred,
the Behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nic. One Word of yours muſt govern all the Council,
nd any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I ſpeak chiefly
o you, my Lord and Father, and to *Phæax*.

Phæax. My good Lord, command me to my Death,
d I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd Notice from *Alcibiades*
Whoſe Enemies you've been, and whoſe Friends
beg you will be now) that he in private
'ill venture into *Athens*;
ot openly, becauſe he will not truſt
'he Inſolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
' he ſollicites his Recalment with you,
'here lives not on this Earth a Man that has
)eſerv'd ſo well from the Nobility;
Ie has preſerv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile:
By *Tiſſaphernes*' Pow'r he has kept us from
The *Lacedæmonian* Rage; and other Foes,
That might have laid this City low in Aſhes.
Iow many famous Battles has he won?
ut which is more, by his Advice and Power,
ven in his Abſence, he has wreſted
' he Government from the inſulting Vulgar,
Whoſe Wiſdom's Blindneſs, and whoſe Pow'r is Madneſs,
nd plac'd it in your noble Hands: methinks
'ou, in Return, ſhould take off his hard Sentence Of

Of Baniſhment, and render back all his Eſtate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
That we would diſobey?

Nic. I am abſolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I, that I can ſerve Lord *Timon*

Apem. Think'ſt thou thyſelf thy Country's Friend, now
His foul Riot, and his inordinate Luſt, [*Timon*!
His wavering Paſſions, and his headlong Will,
His ſelfiſh Principles, his Contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonneſs,
The Rage and Madneſs of his Luxury,
Will make th' *Athenians* Heart ake, as thy own
Will ſoon make thine.

Iſid. Hang him, we never mind him.

Iſand. When will he ſpeak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than
A Beaſt, I will fall down, and worſhip him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Maſque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childiſh Folly Slaves find out,
To pleaſe and court all thy diſtemper'd Appetites!
They ſpend their Flatteries to devour thoſe Men
Upon whoſe Age they'll void it up again
With poiſonous Spite and Envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or elſe depraves?
Who die that bear not ſome Spurns to their Graves
Of their Friends giving? I ſhould fear that thoſe
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one Day ſtamp on me: It has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more—begone.

Apem. Thou may'ſt be ſure I will not ſtay to ſee
Thy Folly any longer; fare thee well; remember
Thou would'ſt not hear me, thou wilt curſe thyſelf for't.

Tim. I do not think ſo—fare thee well. [*Ex.* Apem.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are ſome Ladies maſk'd deſire Admittance.

Tim. Have not my Doors been always open to

Every *Athenian*? They do me Honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My Duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the Opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*:-

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades!* How I shall love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding!

Enter Evandra *with Ladies mask'd.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my House and me great Honour,
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

1 *Lady.* We ask your Pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your Pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay Thing so much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my Happiness,
And of my Life; her Face is not her own,
Nor is her Love, nor Speech, nor Motion so:
Her Smiles, her amorous Looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts,
And never shews herself; how blind is Love
That cannot see this Vanity! [*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged Pair
With Love's great Praises fill the Air.

Chorus. *On ev'ry Side the charming Sound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little Veins inspires*
Their chearful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
Those pretty Couples love and sing.

Chorus

Chorus with Flutes.

But Winter puts out their Desire,
And half the Year they want Love's Fire.

Retornella.

Full Chorus.

But ah how much are our Delights more dear!
For only Human-kind love all the Year.

Enter the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

1 Bacch. *Hence with your trifling Deity,*
A greater we adore;
Bacchus, *who always kept us free*
From that blind childish Pow'r.

2 Bacch. *Love makes you languish, and look pale,*
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no Griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.

Chorus with Hautboys.

Then hang the dull Wretch who has Care in his Soul,
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
If within his right Hand he can have a full Bowl.

Nymph 1.

Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,
Your swell'd Faces with Pimples adorning;
Soak your Brains over-night, and your Senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.

Nymph 2.

With dull aching Noddles live long in a Mist,
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he slights he'd destroy.

1 Bacch. *Better our Heads than Hearts should ache,*
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine a Slave of him can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2 Bacch. *Wine sweetens all the Cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terror off from War;
To Love's Affliction it gives Ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The End of Wealth and Pow'r is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hautboys.

Bacch. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty Strains,
And makes the young Love's Chains despise.

Retornella.

Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.

General Chorus.

Then we with our Pipes and our Voices will join,
To ſound the loud Praiſes of Love and good Wine.
Wine gives Vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down,
And by Love and good Drinking all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well deſign'd, and well perform'd, and I'll reward you well: Let us retire into my next Apartment, where I've devis'd new Pleaſures for you, and where I will diſtribute ſome ſmall Preſents, to teſtify my Love and Gratitude.

Phæax. A Noble Lord!

Ælius, Bounty itſelf!

Tim. Thus, my *Meliſſa,* will we always ſpend
Our Time in Pleaſures; but whoe'er enjoys thee,
Has all this Life affords ſumm'd up in that.

Evan. Theſe Words did once belong to me; but oh!
My ſtubborn Heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies, I hope you'll honour me with your Preſence, and accept of a Collation.

1 *Lady.* We aſk your Pardon, and muſt leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Tim.

Tim. Be pleaſed, Madam, to retire with your Father,
I'll wait on you inſtantly. (*To* Meliſſa.

[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her laſt Leave of you.

Tim. Evandra! What Confuſion am I in!

Evan. I am ſorry, in the Midſt of all your Joys,
I ſhould diſturb you thus: I had a Mind
To ſee you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear theſe killing Words.

Evan. They'll be my laſt, and therefore give 'em room;
I'm haſtning to my Death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er ſhall interrupt your Joys again,
Unleſs the Memory of me ſhould make
You drop ſome Tears upon my Duſt; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you ſo, that ſhe could die to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
Me wretched far below all Miſery;
I'd rather kill myſelf than hear that News:
I call the Gods to witneſs, there's not one
On Earth I more eſteem.

Evan. Eſteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preſerve
My fading Life; I ſee your Paſſion's grown
Too headſtrong for you. Oh my deareſt *Timon!*
I, while I have any Breath, muſt call you ſo;
Had you once ſtruggled for my Sake,
And ſtriven to oppoſe the raging Fury of
Your fatal Love, I ſhould have dy'd contented.
But oh! falſe to your ſelf, to all my Hopes,
And me; you ſuck'd the ſubtile Poiſon in
So greedily, you would not ſtay to taſte it.

Tim. She moves me ſtrongly; I have found from her
The trueſt and the tendereſt Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the Diſeaſe

T' admit a Cure: I will perſuade no longer;
Death is my Remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh! talk not of Death; I'll love you ſtill:
I can love two at once, truſt me, I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole or nothing:
I love you ſo, I cannot live to ſee
That dear, that moſt ador'd Perſon in another's Arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with Crumbs,
And broken Meat, that falls from your *Meliſſa*.
No, dear, falſe Man, you ſoon ſhall be at reſt,
I came but to receive a parting Kiſs;
You'll not deny me that!

Tim. I'll not part with you; we'll be Friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be; forgive this Trouble,
Since 'tis the laſt, I'll never ſee you more,
And may *Meliſſa* ever love you as
The Excellence of your Form deſerves; and may
She pleaſe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why ſhould I not love this Woman beſt?
She has deſerv'd beyond all Meaſure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Love already.
Oh moſt accurſed Charm, that thus prevents me! [*Aſide.*
You've made a Woman of me. [*To her.*

Evan. I'll have but one laſt Look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh! I could devour it with my Eyes; but I'll
Remove them from thee. I ne'er
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient, till I give thee Satisfaction.

Evan. No, deareſt Enemy, I'll remove the Guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on myſelf.
[*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'ſt my Life,
Preſerve thy own; for here I ſwear, that Minute
When thou attemp'ſt thy Life, I will loſe mine.
Where's *Diphilus?*

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here, my Lord.

Timon.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take you Care
Sh' attempts not any Miſchief on herſelf:
She's agitated by a dang'rous Paſſion——
My Dear let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As ſoon as e'er my Company is gone,
I'll ſee thee, and convince thee that I love thee.
Evan. No, no; I cannot hope——farewel for ever.
[*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evan.
Tim. I muſt reſolve on ſomething for her Comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I would not loſe her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love or Beauty——
O miſerable State of human Life!
We ſlight all the Enjoyments which we have,
And thoſe things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?
Dem. My Lord!
Tim. Where is the Caſket which I ſpoke for?
Dem. It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lordſhip hear me
I have Buſineſs that concerns you nearly—— [ſpeak;
Tim. Some other time; of late thou do'ſt perplex me
Each Moment with the hateful Name of Buſineſs,
That mortal Foe to Pleaſure; I'll not hear it. [*Ex.* Tim.
Dem. So! all now is at an End!
He does command us to provide great Gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His Promiſes fly ſo beyond his Store,
That what he ſpeaks is all in Debt; he owes
For every Word; his Land is all engag'd,
His Money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office, leſt he ſhould borrow all
I've gotten in his Service. Well!
Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than ſuch who do e'en Enemies exceed. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Timon *and* Demetrius.

Tim. *Demetrius!*
How comes it that I have been thus encounter'd
With clamorous Demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjuſt Detention of Money long ſince due?
I knew I was in Debt, but did not think
I had gone ſo far; wherefore before this Time
Did you not lay my State fully before me;
Dem. You would not hear me.
At many Times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid 'em before you——you would throw 'em off,
And ſay, you found 'em in my Honeſty.
I have, beyond good Manners, pray'd you often
To hold your Hand more cloſe, and was rebuk'd for't.
Tim. You ſhould have preſt it further.
Dem. Whate'er I durſt I did, it was my Intereſt;
For if my Lord be poor, what then muſt I be?
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And let my Life lie on the Proof:
Oh! my good Lord, the World is but a World!
If it were your's to give it at a Breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. Have you no Money in the Treaſury?
Dem. Not enough to ſupply the Riot of two Meals.
Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.
Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And ſome already's forfeited and gone;
That which remains will ſcarce pay preſent Dues;
The future comes apace.
Tim. To *Lacædemon* did my Lands extend.

Dem.

Dem. How many Times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee, no more! I know thou'rt honeſt.

Dem. It grieves me to conſider 'mongſt what Paraſites
And Trencher-Friends your Wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the ſad Reflection,
When every Word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles, I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more; thou ſoon ſhalt find that I
Have not miſplac'd my Bounty. Why doſt weep?
I'm rich in Friends, and can uſe their Wealth
Freely, as I can bid thee ſpeak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You ſoon ſhall ſee how you miſtake my Fortune.
Now I ſhall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 *Ser.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*; you to *Iſander*
And *Ælius*; you to *Iſidore* and *Thraſillus*.
Commend me to their Loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my Occaſions make me uſe 'em
For a Supply of Money. Let the Requeſt
Be fifty Talents from each Man.

1 *Ser.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, ſhalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the State's beſt Health, I have deſerv'd
This Hearing: Petition them to ſend me 500 Talents.

Dem. I muſt obey! The next Room's full of importunate Slaves and hungry Creditors; go not to 'em.

[*Ex.* Dem.

Tim. What! muſt my Doors b'oppos'd againſt my Paſſage? Have I been ever free, and thoſe been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own Pleaſure! My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Man out! but ſmil'd, and did invite
All that paſt by it in; and muſt he be
My Goaler, and my Houſe my Priſon! no
I'll not deſpair; my Friends will never fail me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Dem.

SCENE *is the Porch or Cloyſter of the* Stoicks.

Apemantus, *ſpeaking to the People and ſeveral Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongſt all the loathſome and baſe Diſeaſes of Corrupted Nature, Pride is moſt contagious.
Behold the pooreſt miſerable Wretch
Which the Sun ſhines on, in the midſt of all
Diſeaſes, Rags, Want, Infamy, and Slavery,
The Fool will find out ſomething to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing. [em:

Apem. When you deſerve my Precepts, you ſhall have
Mean while, if I'll be honeſt, I muſt rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phœax. Our Government is too remiſs in ſuffering the Licence of Philoſophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puſt up,
And ſwells with the Opinion of his Greatneſs;
He's an Aſs; for why does he reſpect himſelf ſo,
But to make others do it? wretched Aſs!
By the ſame means he ſeeks Reſpect, he loſes it.
Mean Thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his Excrements, and ſtink,
Like other Men? and die and rot ſo too?
What then ſhould it be proud of? 'Tis a Load!
And that's a Word ſome other Men cannot
Prefix before their Names: What then? A Word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it;
Or if 'twas made a Lord, perhaps it was

Enter Timon's *three Servants.*

By Blindneſs or Partiality i'th Government.
If for Deſert, he loſes it in Pride;
Whoever's proud of his good Deeds, performs
Them for himſelf; himſelf ſhould then reward 'em.
Oh! but perhaps he's rich! 'Tis a Million to one
There was Villany in the getting of that Dirt.
And he has the Nobility to have
Knaves for his Anceſtors.

Phœax. Hang thee, thou ſnarling Raſcal! The Government's to blame in ſuffering thee to rail ſo long.

Apem. The Government's to blame in ſuffering the Things I rail at; in ſuffering Judges without Beards, or Law; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that durſt not fight; Ambaſſadors that can't ſpeak Senſe; Blockheads to be great Miniſters, and Lord it over witty Men; ſuffering great Men to ſell their Country for filthy Bribes; old limping Senators to ſell their Souls for vile Extortion; Matrons to turn incontinent, and Magiſtrates to pimp for their own Daughters. Ruin of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Inceſts, Adulteries, and unnatural Sins fill all your Dwellings: Here's the Shame of Government, and not my Railing. Men of harden'd Foreheads, and ſear'd Hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government, that is ſo froward it cannot beat Mens Words.

Ælius. Well, babbling philoſophical Raſcal! we ſhall make you tremble one Day.

Apem. Never.
Sordid great Man! it is not in your Power.
I fear not Man, no more than I can love him:
'Twere better for us that wild Beaſts poſſeſt
The Empire of the Earth, they'd uſe Men better
Than they do one another: They'd ne'er prey
On Man but for Neceſſity of Nature.
Man undoes Man, in Wantonneſs and Sport,
Brutes are much honeſter than he; my Dog,
When he fawns on me, is no Courtier,
He is in earneſt; but a Man ſhall ſmile,
And wiſh my Throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me; ſay'ſt thou?

1 Ser. Yes! he ſays he's proud he has Occaſion to make uſe of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [*Aſide.*
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me! But here are other Lords can do it. I honour him ſo, that if he will, I'll ſell my Land for him; but prithee excuſe me to him; I am in great Haſte at this Time. [*Ex.* Cleon.

1 Ser. 'Tis as I thought! How moſt'rous and deform'd a Thing is baſe Ingratitude! Here's *Phædr.* ——— My Lord!

Phædr. Oh! one of Lord *Timon*'s Men! a Gift, I

warrant you. Why this hits right. I dreamt of a Silver Baſon and Ewer to Night! How does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman, the very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Ser.* Well in his Health, my Lord.

Phæax. I am heartily glad; what haſt thou under thy Cloak, honeſt Youth?

1 *Ser.* An empty Box, which, by my Lord's Command, I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply with fifty Talents he has inſtant Need of. He bid me ſay, he does not doubt your Friendſhip.

Phæax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept ſo good a Houſe, 'would have been better; I've often din'd with him, and told him of it, and come again to Supper, for that Purpoſe, to have him ſpend leſs; but 'twould not do; I am ſorry for't: But, good Lad! thou art hopeful, and of good Parts!

1 *Ser.* Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your Pleaſure.

Phæax. A prompt Spirit to give thee thy due. Thou know'ſt what's Reaſon, and can'ſt uſe thy Time well, if the Time uſe thee well.——'Tis no Time to lend Money. Thou art wiſe; here's Money for thee——Good Lad, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not.

1 *Ser.* Is't poſſible the World ſhould differ ſo,
And we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What! art thou ſent to invite thoſe Knaves again to feaſt with thy luxurious Lord?

1 *Ser.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him; and this Lord has given me this to ſay, I did not ſee him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
Baſe, ſlaviſh *Phæax!* thou of the Nobility!
Let molten Coin be thy Damnation.

Phæax. Peace, Dog!

Apem. Thou Worm! thou Trencher-Fly! thou Flatterer!
Thou haſt *Timon*'s Meat ſtill in thy gluttonous Paunch,
And do'ſt deny him Money. Why ſhould it thrive,
And turn to Nutriment, when thou art Poiſon!

2 *Ser.* My noble Lord!

Iland. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my nobleſt Friend?

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* May it pleaſe your Honour, he has ſent———

Iſand. Hay ——— what has he ſent? I am ſo much oblig'd to him, he's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him? hah! What has he ſent?

2 *Ser.* He has ſent me to tell you, he has Occaſion to uſe your Friendſhip, he has inſtant need of fifty Talents—

Iſand. Is that your Buſineſs? hah!
I know his Honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many Hundreds.

2 *Ser.* Yes, he wants fifty, but is aſſur'd of your Honour's Friendſhip.

Iſand. Thou art not ſure in Earneſt!

2 *Ser.* Upon my Life I am.

Iſand. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to diſfurniſh Myſelf upon ſo good a Time,
When I might have ſhewn how much I love
And honour him: This is the greateſt Affliction
E'er fell upon me! The Gods can witneſs for me.
I was juſt ſending to my Lord myſelf:
I have no Power to ſerve him, my Heart bleeds for't:
I hope his Honour will conceive the beſt;
Beaſt that I am! that the firſt good Occaſion
Shou'd not be in my Power to uſe! I beg
A thouſand Pardons——Tell him ſo——

Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer-Friend!
How often haſt thou dipt i'th' Diſh with him?
He has been a Father to thee, with his Purſe
Supported thy Eſtate; whene'er thou drink'ſt,
His Silver kiſſes thy baſe Lips; thou rid'ſt upon
His Horſes, ly'ſt on his Beds.

Iſand. Peace, or I'll knock thy Brains out. [*Ex.* Iſand.

3 *Ser.* My Lord *Thraſillus*———

Thraſ. He's come to borrow, I muſt ſhun him. [*Aſide.*
I hope my Lord is well.

3 *Ser.* Yes, my Lord, and has ſent me———

Thraſ. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great Haſte—
But I'll wait on him if I can poſſibly. [*Ex.* Thraſ.

Apem. Good Fool go home. Doſt think to find a grateful Man in *Athens*?

3 *Ser.* If my Lord's Occaſions did not preſs him

very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he ſend to me? I am poor; there's *Phæax*, *Cleon*, *Iſidore*, *Thraſillus*, and *Iſander*, and many Men that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 *Ser.* They have been touch'd, and found baſe Metal.

Ælius. Have they deny'd him, and muſt you come to me? Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? 'tis a great Slight; Muſt I be the laſt ſought to? he might have Conſider'd who I am.

3 *Ser.* I ſee he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the firſt that e'er receiv'd Gift from him, And I will keep it for his Honour's ſake; But at preſent I cannot poſſibly ſupply him: Beſides, my Father made me ſware, upon His Death, I never ſhould lend Mony. I've kept the Oath e'er ſince. Fare thee well. [*Exit* Ælius.

3 *Ser.* They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of Mankind ſhun One in Affliction, and turn him out, As Deer do one that's hunted —— Go, go home To thy fond Lord, and bid him curſe himſelf, That would not hear me; bid him live on Roots And Water, and know himſelf; he had better Have ſhunn'd Mankind, than be deſerted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* ſo loſt? th' World? With what Amazement will the News of this So ſudden Alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians*?

Chl. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate! My Father has aſſur'd me of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all his Creditors, with open Jaws, will ſwallow him: 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll ſtand upon my Guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below deſires Admittance.

Mel. See, *Chloe*; if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him, ſay I am not well. I will not be ſeen; be ſure I be not. *Exit* Chloe.

Chl. I warrant you!

Mel.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no; baſe Poverty ſhall never enter here. Oh! were my *Alcibiades* recall'd! he would adore me ſtill, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in Diſguiſe, and* Chloe.

Chl. It is a Gentleman in Diſguiſe, I know him not.

Alcibid. But my *Meliſſa* does. [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades!* my Hero!
The Gods have hearken'd to my Vows for thee,
And have crown'd all my Wiſhes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me, than the Return of the Sun's Heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's covered half the Year with Snow and Darkneſs.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my Liberty,
And all that's precious in the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treaſure far out-weighs
The Joys of Conqueſt, or Deliverance
From Baniſhment and Slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee;
All Day I ſigh'd, and wiſh'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou entertain'dſt my Sleeps;
And whenſoe'er I dreamt thou wert in Danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades!* and in my Dreams
Was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my divine *Meliſſa!* the Cordial of thy Love
Is of ſo ſtrong a Spirit, 'twill o'ercome me,
One Kiſs, and take my Soul; another and
'Twill ſally out: Oh! I could fix whole Ages on
Thy tender Lip, and pity all the Fools
That keep a ſenſeleſs Pother in the World for Pow'r,
And Pomp and Noiſe, and loſe ſubſtantial Bliſs.

Mel. There is no Bliſs but Love; and but for that
The World would fall in Pieces: Oh, with what a Grief
Have I ſuſtain'd thy Abſence! Had not my Father
Prevented my Eſcape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* Safety that thou didſt not;
I had neglected all my Conqueſts which
Preſerv'd this baſe, ungrateful Town; for I
In thee ſhou'd have all that I fought for; thou [me
Would'ſt have been Life, Liberty, Country, and Eſtate to

Mel. I have the End of all my Hopes and Wiſhes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.
Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in Hopes
They ſoon would call me home to thee.
It was the Thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every Stroke the Memory of *Meliſſa*
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me conquer.
Mel. Oh! let Ambition never more diſturb
Thy noble Mind! Let Love in Peace poſſeſs it.
Let not the Noiſe of Drums and Trumpets Clangor,
Claſhing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and Groans
Of bleeding Men entice thee from me.
Alcib. The Senate ſhall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toſs their uſurious Bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houſes, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And daſh their Brains out of their doating Heads.
But dear *Meliſſa*, ſince our Hearts ſo long
Have been united, let's not ſtay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come compleat our Joys;
True Love's above ſenſeleſs Formalities.
Mel. If any Thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none ſhall invade my Virtue
Without my Life; But on my Knees I vow,
No other Man, tho' crown'd the Emperor
Of all the World, ſhould ever have my Love;
And tho' thy Country baſely ſhould deſert thee,
I will continue firm.
Alcib. And here
I ſwear, that could I conquer all the Univerſe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy Feet,
For thee to tread on. By thy ſelf I ſwear,
An Oath more ſacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities, which knaviſh Prieſts invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.
Cbl. Madam! Your Father is come in.
Mel. Let us retire: My Father has not yet
Forgot his Enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the *Lacedæmonians*, and his Foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,

He'll

He'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all Sufferance,
I would forgive him for begetting thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and Servant.*

Tim. Is't poſſible? deſerted thus? what large Profeſſions did all theſe make but Yeſterday? Did they all refuſe to lend, ſay you?

1 *Serv.* The Rumour of your borrowing was ſoon
Diſpers'd, and then at Sight of one of us
They would ſtop, ſtart, turn ſhort, paſs by, or ſeem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who ſuſpected not, when they were mov'd,
Came off with baſe Excuſes. [*'em*

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon?* I'll go to
My ſelf, they will not have the Face to uſe me ſo.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius!* what News bring'ſt thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Juſt Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They anſwer in a joint and corporate Voice,
That now they are at Ebb, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry; you are honourable;
But yet they would have wiſh'd; they know not,
Something has been amiſs; a noble Nature
May catch a Wrench; would all were well; 'tis Pity;
And ſo intending other ſerious Matters,
After diſtaſteful Looks, and theſe hard Fractions,
With certain half Caps, and cold careleſs Nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy: Old Men
Have their Ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is cak'd and cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis Want of kindly Warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature, as it grows again towards Earth,
Is faſhion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! Or is't a Bleſſing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my ſelf.

Dem. The Senate is aſſembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-houſe. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now! what makes this Swarm of Raſcals here? each looking big, and with the Viſage of Demand.

1 *Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your Waiting, Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds, When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lord's Meat? Then they would ſmile and fawn upon him, And ſwallow the Intereſt down their greedy Throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Meliſſa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her ſuddenly.

1 *Cred.* Now let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 *Cred.* Here's mine.

3 *Cred.* And mine.

4 *Cred.* My Maſter's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits! Knock me down! Cleave me to the Waiſt! What would you have, you Harpies?

1 *Cred.* We aſk our due.

Tim. Cut my Heart in Pieces, and divide it.

4 *Cred.* My Maſter's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.

2 *Cred.* Five Thouſand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thouſand Drops pay that. What's yours, and yours?

3 *Cred.* My Lord.

1 *Cred.* My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in Pieces, will you? The Gods conſume, confound, and rot you all.

1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us! let us be gone.

3 *Cred.* Let's go, he'll murder ſome of us.

Tim. They've e'en taken my Breath from me. Slaves! Creditors! Dogs! Preſerve my Wits, you Gods!

Dem. My Lord, be patient; Paſſion mends it not.

Lampridius *croſſes the Stage, and ſhuns* Timon.

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Priſon. His Father dead ſince, and he rich. Now the Villain ſhuns me.

Enter

Enter Phæax.

Oh! my good Friend, *Phæax!*

Phæax. Oh my Lord!—I'm glad to ſee your Lordſhip. I have a ſudden Occaſion calls me hence, I'll wait on you inſtantly. [*Ex.* Phæax.

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord!

Cleon. Oh my good Lord! I am going to ſee If I can ſerve your Lordſhip in the Command I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex.* Cleon.

Tim. O black Ingratitude! that Villain has A Jewel at this Moment on, which I preſented him, Coſt me Three Thouſand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like theſe.

Tim. There are not many ſure ſo bad. How have I lov'd theſe Men, and ſhewn 'em Kindneſs, As if they had been my Brothers or my Sons!

Enter Diphilus, *ſeeing* Timon, *muffles his Face, and turns away.*

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an Eſtate too; And now he hides himſelf, and ſteals from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a Man? Oblige him once, he'll keep you Company, Ev'n in your utmoſt Want and Miſery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord——*Ælius*, *Demetrius*, go let him know *Timon* would ſpeak With him—— [Dem. *goes to him, he turns back.*

Do you not know me, *Ælius?*

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon?*

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you ſhun me then?

Ælius. I ſhun you! I'd ſerve your Lordſhip with my Life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuſe me Money, wou'd venture his Life for me.

Ælius.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power to ſupply you; but I am going to the *Forum* to a Debtor! if I receive any, your Lordſhip ſhall command it. [*Ex.* Ælius.

Tim. Had I ſo lately all the Caps and Knees of the *Athenians*, and is't come to this! Brains hold a little.

Enter Thraſillus

Thraſ. Who's there? *Timon!* [*Runs back.*

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Iſander.

How is't *Iſander?*

Iſand. Oh! Heaven! *Timon!*

Tim. What, did I fright you? Am I become ſo dreadful an Object? Is Poverty contagious?

Iſand. Your Lordſhip ever ſhall be dear to me. It makes me weep to think I could not ſerve you, When you ſent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate. I humbly aſk your Pardon; I'll ſell all I have, But I'll ſupply you ſoon. [*Ex.* Iſand.

Tim. Smooth Tongue, diſſembling, weeping Knave, farewel: And farewel all mankind! It ſhall be ſo—— *Demetrius?* Go to all theſe Fellows. Tell 'em I'm ſupply'd, I have no need of 'em. Set out my Condition to be as good as formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal: And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken Order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one Reſerve can never fail me, And while *Meliſſa*'s kind, I can't be miſerable; She has a vaſt Fortune in her own Diſpoſal: The Sun will ſooner leave his Courſe than ſhe Deſert me.

Enter firſt Servant.

Is *Meliſſa* at Home?

1 *Serv.* She is, my Lord, but will not ſee you.

Tim. What does the Raſcal ſay? Damn'd Villain! To bely her ſo? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis Truth. She ſays ſhe will not ſee you. Her Woman told me ſo firſt. And when I would not believe her, ſhe came and told me ſo herſelf: That ſhe had no Buſineſs with you, deſired you would not trouble her, ſhe had Affairs of Conſequence, &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fallen indeed! Fallen from all thy Hopes of Happineſs. Earth open, and ſwallow the moſt miſerable Wretch that thou didſt ever bear.

Enter Meliſſa.

1 *Serv.* My Lord, *Meliſſa*'s paſſing by!

Tim. Oh dear *Meliſſa!*

Mel. Is he here? What Luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not ſee your *Timon?* And did not you ſend me Word ſo?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very buſy, and am ſo now; I muſt obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Meliſſa* ſaid, If *Timon* were
Reduc'd to Rags and Miſery, and ſhe
Were Queen of all the Univerſe, ſhe would
Not change her Love?

Mel. We can't command our Wills;
Our Fate muſt be obey'd. [*Ex.* Mel.

Tim. Some Mountain cover me! and let my Name,
My odious Name be never heard of more!
O ſtraggling Senſes, whither are you going!
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! How does the Sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why ſhould I
Blame Villains who are ſo to me?

Evan. Timon! I've heard, and felt all thy Afflictions,
I thought I never ſhould have ſeen thee more;
Nor ever would, hadſt thou continu'd proſperous.
Let falſe *Meliſſa* baſely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that coarſe Stuff.

Tim, Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man!

Evan. No, ſince I firſt beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They've been fix'd upon thee preſent, and when abſent,
I have each Moment view'd thee in my Mind,
And ſhall they now remove?

Tim. Will thou not fly a wretched Caitiff, who
Has such a Load of Misery beyond
The Strength of human Nature to support?
Evan. I am no base *Athenian* Parasite,
To flye from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.
Tim. Oh! my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accurst *Athens!* Forest of two-legg'd Beasts;
Plague, Civil War, and Famine, be thy Lot:
Let Propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding, spurious Brood may ever spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations:
May every Infant, like the Viper, gnaw
A Passage through his Mother's curst Womb,
And kill the Hag; or if they fall of it,
May then the Mothers, like fell ravenous Bitches,
Devour their own base Whelps.
Evan. Timon! compose thy Thoughts; I know thy Wants,
And that thy Creditors, like wild Beasts, wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has,
To its eternal Infamy, deserted thee;
But thy unweary'd Bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in Wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all before thy Feet.
Tim. Thy most amazing Generosity o'erwhelms me;]
It covers me all o'er with Shame and Blushes.
Thou hast oblig'd a Wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I've Rage and Madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on Fire!
Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this Sight will break my Heart;
Take Comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their Maws full; we have yet enough;
Let us retire together, and live free
From all the Smiles and Frowns of human Kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.
Tim. My Senses are not found, I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou haſt not;
Comfort thy ſelf; if thou haſt been unkind,
Forgive thy ſelf, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be oblig'd to one
I've treated ſo injuriouſly as her—— [*Aſide.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; ſtrive to compoſe
Your ſelf. All that I have was and is yours; I wiſh
It ne'er had been, that I might have ſhewn,
By ſtronger Proofs, how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Moſt Excellent of all the whole Creation!
Thou art too good that thou ſhould'ſt e'er partake
Of my Misfortunes——
And I'm reſolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aſide.*
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own Houſe,
I am once more to give my flattering Rogues
An Entertainment! but ſuch a one as ſhall befit 'em!
And then I'll ſee thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear. [*Ex.* Tim. *and* Ev.

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Iſander, Iſidore, Thraſillus, Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my Life it was no more. His Steward aſſur'd me, his Condition was near as good as ever.

Iſand. That I doubt——but 'tis well at preſent, by his new feaſting.

Ælius. I am ſorry I was not furniſh'd when he ſent to me.

Iſid. I am ſick of that Grief, now I ſee how all things go.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! How is't with you all?
How I rejoice to ſee you!——Come, ſerve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never ſo well as when your Lordſhip is ſo.

Ælius. I am ſick with Shame, that I ſhould be ſo unfortunate a Beggar when you ſent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Trial! I have no Need of any Sums; my Eſtate is in good Health ſtill.

Phæax. Trial! my good Lord: Would any one refuſe

your Lordſhip, were it in his Power? Command half my Eſtate! I'm ſorry I was ſo in haſte, I could not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills, even now. Pray uſe me —I hope he will not take me at my Word. [*Aſide.*

Iſand. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could not ſerve you. Now, my Lord, command me—— I am able.

Tim. I beſeech you do not think on't: I know ye love me, all of ye.

Phœax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.

Thraſ. If you had ſent but two Hours before to me—

Cleon. Now I have Money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heaven's Sake! think you I diſtruſt
My kind good Friends! you are the beſt of Friends.
My Fortune ne'er ſhall drive me from you, and ſhould
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.

Phœax. I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough, if you would but command my utmoſt Drachma.

Ælius. That were Honour indeed to ſerve Lord *Timon*, I would with Life and Fortune.

Iſand. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Iſid. Not a Man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no Foot of my Eſtate your Lordſhip may not call your own.

Thraſ. Nor mine, my noble Lord!

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends.
Who has ſuch kind, ſuch hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Diſhes.

Iſand. Royal Chear, I warrant you.

Phœax. Doubt not of that, if Money or the Seaſon can afford it.

Iſid. The ſame good Lord ſtill.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's ſit: Make it not a City Feaſt, to let the Meat cool ere we agree upon our Places.

The

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your ſelves prais'd for your own Gifts; baſe, ungrateful Man will not do it of himſelf; reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forſake ye: Make the Meat belov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no Aſſembly of twenty be without a Score of Villains. If there be twelve Women, let a Dozen of 'em be ——— *as they are. Confound, I beſeech you, all the Senators of* Athens, *together with the common People. What is amiſs make fit for Deſtruction; for theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A Feaſt fit for ſuch venemous Knaves.*

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad, I think.

Tim. May you a better Feaſt never behold.
You Knot of Mouth-Friends, Vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites;
Courteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears;
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-Friends, Time-Flies,
Cap and Knee-Slaves; an everlaſting Leproſie
Cruſt you quite o'er! —— What, do'ſt thou ſteal away?
Soft, take thy Phyſick firſt; and thou, and thou;
Stay, I will lend thee Money —— borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordſhip? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. He'll murder us.

Ælius. This is raging Madneſs; fly, fly.

[They run off.

Tim. *What all in Motion! henceforth be no Feaſt,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burn Houſe, ſink Athens; *henceforth hated be,*
Of Timon, *Man, and all Humanity.* *[Ex. Tim.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Timon *Solus.*

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! Oh thou Wall
That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer, that vile Den
Of ſavage Beaſts; ye Matrons all turn Whores,
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And miniſter in their ſtead: To general Filths
Convert o'th' inſtant green Virginity;
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters Throat. Bound Servants, ſteal;
Large-handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And pill by Law. Maid, to thy Maſter's Bed;
Miſtreſs, to the Brothel. Son of twenty-one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his Brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
Domeſtick Awe, Night-Reſt, and Neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervations, Cuſtoms and Laws,
Decline to your confounding Contraries;
And let Confuſion live. Plagues incident to Men,
Your potent and infectious Feavers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for Vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple the Senators, that their Limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and Liberty,
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth,
That 'gainſt the Stream of Virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in Riot. Itches, Blains,

Sow all the *Athenians* botches, and their Crew
Be general Leproſie. Breath infect Breath,
That their Society, as their Friendſhip, may
Be merely Poiſon. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou moſt deteſted Town! and ſudden
Ruin ſwallow thee. [*Ex.* Timon.

SCENE *the Senate-Houſe, all the Senate ſitting.*

Enter Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. You ſee, my rev'rend Lords, what Confidence
I place in you, that durſt expoſe my Perſon
Before my Sentence be recall'd: I am not now
Petitioner for my ſelf; I leave my Caſe
To your good and generous Natures, when you ſhall
Think I've deſerv'd your Favour for my Service.
I am an humble Suitor to your Vertue,
(For Mercy is the Vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly)
'Tis for a gallant Officer of mine,
As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*;
'Tis *Thraſibulus*, who, in heat of Blood,
Has ſtept into the Law above his Depth.
Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man.
Alcib. I've been before
Before the *Areopagus*, and they refuſe
All Mercy. He is a Man
(Setting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues;
Nor did he foil the Fact with Cowardiſe;
But with a noble Fury did revenge
His injur'd Reputation.
Phæax. You ſtrive to make an ugly Deed look fair.
Nic. As if you'd bring Manſlaughter into Form,
And Valour did conſiſt in quarrelling.
Ælius. That is a baſe and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly valiant that can wiſely ſuffer.
Iſand. All ſingle Combats are deteſtable;

And Courage that's not warranted by Law
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpuniſh'd.
Iſid. If Injuries be evil, Death is moſt ill:
And then what Folly is't, for the leſs Ill
To hazard Life, the chiefeſt Good?
Cleon. There's no ſuch Courage as in bearing Wrong.
Alcib. If there be ſuch Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant,
That ſtay at home; and the Aſs a better Captain
Than is the Lion: The Malefactor, that is
Loaden with Irons, wiſer than the Judge.
Nic. You cannot make groſs Sins look clean
With Eloquence.
Alcib. Why do fond Men expoſe themſelves to Battel,
And not endure all Threats, and ſleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats?
Come, my Lords — be pitiful and good.
Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.
Alcib. The utmoſt Law is downright Tyranny:
To kill, I grant, is the extreameſt Guilt,
But in Defence of Honour.———
Pheax. Honour! is any Honour to be ſought for
But the Honour of our Country?
Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no Anger judge him:
How many in their Anger would commit
This Captain's Fault — had they but Courage for't?
Cleon. You ſpeak in vain.
Alcib. If you will not excuſe his Crime, conſider
Who he is, and what he has done!
His Service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*
Are Bribes ſufficient for his Life.
Nic. He did his Duty, and was rewarded with his Pay; and if he did not do it, he ſhould be puniſh'd.
Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the Return
For Soldiers Toils, faſting and watching;
The many cruel Hardſhips which they ſuffer;
The Multitude of Hazards, Blood, and Loſs
Of Limbs?

Iſand.

Iſand. Come, you urge it too far; he dies.
Alcib. He has ſlain in Fight Hundreds of Enemies.
How full of Valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt Conflict! What Death and Wounds he gave!
Iſid. H'has given too many.
Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a Sin
That often drowns him; in that beaſtly Fury
He has committed Outrages.
Phæax. Such as we ſhall not name, ſince others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.
Nic. In ſhort,
His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous;
And he muſt die.
Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in Fight,
And done you Service: If not for his Deſerts,
Conſider all my Actions, Lords, and join 'em
With his—your reverend Ages love Security,
And therefore ſhou'd cheriſh thoſe that give it you.
Phæax. You are too bold—he dies—No more——
Alcib. Too bold, Lord! Do you know who I am?
Cleon. What ſays he?
Alcib. Call me to your Remembrances.
Iſand. Conſider well the Place, and who we are!
Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Muſt I ſue for ſuch common Grace,
And be deny'd? my Wounds ake at you!
Nic. Y'are inſolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your Riot and deſtructive Vices; Whoredoms,
Profaneneſs, giddy-headed Paſſions.
Phæax. Your breaking *Mercury*'s Statues, and mocking
The Myſteries of ſacred *Proſerpine*.
Alcib. Inſolent! now you provoke me; I'm vext to ſee
Your private Malice vented in a Place
Where honeſt Men would only think
On publick Intereſt. 'Tis baſe, and in another Place
You would not ſpeak thus.
Nic. How ſay you!
Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury*,
And the Rites of *Proſerpine*,
Had only been the Favourites o'th' Rabble:

These things are Mockery to Men of Sense,
What Folly 'tis to worship Statues, when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæax. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel.

Alcib. Could any but the baseſt of Mankind
Urge that to me, by whom he keeps that Head
That utters this againſt me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common People; and you all
Are Rebels againſt them.

Nic. Ceaſe your Inſoleuce! we ſided not with *Spartans.*

Alcib. What Means had I to humble-th' *Athenian* Rabble, but that?

Phæax. It was well done, to get your Friend King *Agis* his Wife with Child, in his Abſence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his Breed for him———
But what is that to the Matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, Lords, and I muſt tell you,
It is by me you ſit in Safety here.

Phæax. By you! bold Man!

Alcib. Yes, by me! fearful Man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all Patience;
And I muſt tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tiſſaphernes* from
The *Spartans* Aid, by which *Athens*, by this,
Had been one Heap of Rubbiſh; I ſtopt
A Hundred and Fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tiſſaphernes Athens'* Friend, upon Condition
That they would awe the common People, and take
The Government into the beſt Mens Hands:
Would you were ſo! I ſent *Piſander* then
To form this *Ariſtocracy*, and promis'd
The *Perſian* Generals Forces to aſſiſt you;
And when you had this Pow'r, ye caſt me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords, led him be ſilenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard; and then your Pleaſure, Lords.
Did not your Army, in the Iſle of *Samos*,

Offended

Offended at your Government, chuſe me General,
And would have march'd to your Deſtruction;
Which I diverted: In that Time your Foes
Would ſoon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Helleſpont*, and all the other Iſles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept ſome back by Force,
And by fair Words others; in which, *Thraſibulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudeſt Voice of all the *Athenians*,
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a ſecond Time was ſav'd by me.

Phæax. 'Tis a Shame that we ſhould ſuffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a Shame theſe Things are unrewarded.
Another Time I kept Five Hundred Sail
Of the *Phœnicians* from the Aid
Of the *Lacedæmonians*, won from 'em a Sea-Battle,
Before the City of *Abidus*,
In Spight of *Pharnabazus*' mighty Power.
Think on my Victory at *Cizicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
Won *Silibræa* on the *Helleſpont*;
And then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I
Diverted the Torrent of the Army's Fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies;
And all the While you ſafely told your Money,
And let it out upon extorted Intereſt:
Muſt I be after all poorly deny'd
His Life who has ſo often ventur'd it for you?

Phæax. He dies, and yourdeſerve it; but our Sentence
Is, for your Inſolence, we baniſh you:
If you be two Hours more within theſe Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all conſent?

All Sen. All, All!

Alcib. All! All! I am glad I know you all!
Baniſh me! Baniſh your Dotage! your Extortion!
Baniſh your foul Corruptions and Self-Ends!
Oh the baſe Spirit of a Common-wealth!

One

One Tyrant is much better than Four Hundred:
The worſt of Kings would be aſham'd of this.
I am only rich in my large Hurts for you.
Is this the Balſam, the all-natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? ha! Baniſhment!
A good Man would not ſtay with you: I embrace
My Sentence: 'Tis a Cauſe that's worthy of me.
[*Exit Alcib.*

Nic. Was ever — heard ſuch daring Inſolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, ay. [*Exeunt.*

Timon in the Woods digging.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun! draw from the Fens,
The Bogs, and muddy Marſhes, and from
Corrupted ſtanding Lakes, rotten Humidity,
Enough to infect the Air with dire conſuming Peſtilence,
And let the poiſonous Exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they are all Flatterers,
And ſo is all Mankind.
For every Degree of Fortune's ſmooth'd
And ſooth'd by that below it; the learned Pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool: there's nothing level
In our Conditions, but baſe Villainy;
Therefore be abhorr'd, each Man, and all Society;
Earth, yield me Roots; thou common Whore of Mankind,
That put'ſt ſuch Odds amongſt the Rout of Nations,
I'll make thee do thy right Office. Ha! what's here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious Gold! enough
To purchaſe my Eſtate again: Let me ſee further:
What a vaſt Maſs of Treaſure's here! There lie;
I will uſe none; 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll ſend a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vaſt Maſs I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I ſee a Paſſenger
Not far off, I'll ſend it by him to the Senate. [*Ex. Tim.*

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long ſhall I ſeek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him, or will loſe my Life.
Oh! baſe and ſhameful Villainy of Man:

Amongſt

Amongſt ſo many Thouſands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! ſure this belongs to ſome one
Who's not far off; I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? What Beaſt art thou that com'ſt
To trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me; I am come to ſeek
The poor diſtreſſed *Timon*; did you ſee him?

Tim. If thou be'ſt born of wicked human Race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to diſturb his Mind?
He has forſworn all Company.

Evan. Is this my Lord? oh dreadful Transformation!
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me?

Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two Legs, and haſt a Face
Erect t'wards Heav'n; and all ſuch Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honeſt;
Thoſe Creatures that are ſo, walk on all four.
Prithee, be gone.

Evan. He's much diſtracted ſure! Have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No; I remember there was ſuch a one,
Whom I us'd ill! Why do'ſt thou follow Miſery,
And add to it? Prithee be gone.

Evan. Theſe cruel Words will break my Heart; I come
Not to increaſe thy Miſery, but mend it.
Ah! my dear *Timon*, why this Slave-like Habit!
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.

Evan. I have converted Part of my Eſtate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy Feet, and the Remainder
Thou ſoon ſhalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I ſhall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy ſelf, and quit this ſavage Life;
We have enough, in Spite of all the Baſeneſs
Of th' *Athenians*: Let not thoſe Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim.

Tim. If thou diſſwad'ſt me from this Life, thou hat'ſt me:
For all the Principalities on Earth
I would not change this Spade! prithee begone,
Thou temp'ſt me but in vain.

Evan. Be not ſo cruel.
Nothing but Death ſhall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my Life: What would'ſt thou do
With me?

Evan. I'd live the ſame; Is there a Time or Place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You muſt not ſtay with me.

Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offered thee all my Proſperity——
And thou moſt niggardly denieſt me Part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah ſoft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
Too boiſterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or do'ſt thou think theſe reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And ſkip where thou appoint'ſt 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I'm ſavage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unſound, my Brain will be diſtracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* ſtill, that's all I aſk.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me, when I thought
That thou wer't proſperous; thou art too good
To ſuffer with me the rough boiſt'rous Weather,
To mortify thy ſelf with Roots and Water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee begone.

Evan. To Death, if you command.

Tim. I have foreſworn all human Converſation.

Evan. And ſo have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be Miſery indeed to ſee
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refuſeſt me, I'll kill my ſelf,
I ſwear by all the Gods.

Tim. Riſe, my *Evandra!*

I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honeſt; if they aſk me more,
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll ſhew thee Wealth enough I found with Digging,
To purchaſe all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well ſaid, *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, wrong right,
Baſe noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
Ye Gods! here is enough to lug your Priests
And Servants from your Altars. This Thing can
Make the hoar'd Leproſy ador'd, place Thieves,
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd, and wither'd Widow
Marry again. This can embalm and ſweeten
Such as the Spittle houſe and ulcerous Creatures
Would caſt the Gorge at: This can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let th' Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill ſleep,
And do no hired Miſchief.

Tim. Now Earth for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all;
And of ſuch vile corrupting Metal, as
Man, her proud arrogant Child is made of, does
Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the gilded Newt
And Eye-leſs venom'd Worm, with all
The loathſome Births the quickning Sun does ſhine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy human Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous Boſom ſome poor Roots;
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all Things elſe,
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Teeth and Pasture,
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish Draughts
And unctuous Morſels, greaſes his pure Mind,
That from it all Conſideration ſlips.
But hold a While——I am faint and weary,
My tender Hands, not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repoſe your ſelf, my deareſt Love thus—your Head
Upon my Lap, and when thou haſt refreſh'd
Thy ſelf, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! More Man! I retire into my Cave.
[*Exit* Evan.

Apem. I was directed hither;—Men report,
That thou affect'ſt my Manners, and do'ſt uſe 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe I would not keep a Dog
Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, ſprung
From Change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this Place?
This Slave-like Habit, and theſe Looks of Care?
Thy ſordid Flatt'rers yet wear Silk, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carpet.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each Great Man's Breath blow off thy Cap,
Praiſe his moſt monſtrous Deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.
Thou wer't us'd thus.

Tim. Do'ſt thou love to hear thy ſelf prate?

Apem. No; but thou ſhould'ſt hear me ſpeak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and ſpit at thee.

Apem. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs to diſgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd uſe the Copy,
As the Original ſhould be us'd.

Apem. How ſhould it be us'd?

Tim. It ſhould be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wer't a Madman, now a Fool;
Art thou proud ſtill? Call any of thoſe Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures live in all the Spite
Of angry Heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed Trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou ſhalt find——

Tim.

Tim. An Aſs of thee——

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——

Tim. I hate thee worſe——

Apem. Why ſo?

Tim. Thou flattereſt Miſery.

Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Wretch——

Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.

Apem. If thou did'ſt put on this ſoure Life and Habit,
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
Do'ſt it inforc'dly, wer't thou not a Beggar,
Thou'd'ſt be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave, thou ly'ſt; 'tis next thee the laſt Thing
Which I would be on Earth.

Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this is filling ſtill,
Never compleat, that alway at high Wiſh;
But thou haſt a contentleſs, wretched Being;
Thou ſhou'dſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his Advice that is more miſerable.

Apem. I am contented with my Poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'ſt; thou would'ſt not ſnarl ſo if thou
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee, [wer't:
For thou haſt been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a Thing whom Fortune's tender Arms
With Favour never claſp'd, but bred a Dog:
Had'ſt thou, like me, from thy firſt Swath proceeded
To all the ſweet Degrees that this brief World
Afforded me, thou would'ſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Luſt, and never learnt
The icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'ſt purſu'd th' alluring Game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'ſt—I would have liv'd juſt as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou do'ſt not know thy ſelf! thou well
Can'ſt bear what thou haſt been bred to; but for me,
Who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all Men,
At Duty more than I could frame Employments for,

That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as Leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winter's Bruſh
Fal'n from their Boughs, and left me open, bare
To every Storm that blows; for me to bear this,
Who never knew but better, is a great Burthen:
Thy Nature did commence in Suff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curſe,
Curſe then thy Father, who in Spight put Stuff
To ſome She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor, hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Aſs!

The Middle of Humanity thou ne'er
Did'ſt know, but the Extremity of both Ends:
When thou we'rt in thy Guilt and thy Perfumes
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curioſity;
Thou in thy Rags know'ſt none.

Tim. Begone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy ſelf away.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy ſelf
Thou ſhould'ſt not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art a miſerable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wer't clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe; no Miſery
That I could wiſh thee but thou haſt already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Iſſue of a mangy Dog.
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I'll cleave thy Scull.

Apem. Farewel, Beaſt.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou haſt found a Maſs

of

of Treaſure; they'll find thee out: The Plague of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my Sight.

[*Exit* Apemantus.

Choler will kill me if I ſee Mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Can'ſt thou eat Roots, and drink at that freſh Spring?
Our Feaſting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is Feaſt enough to me;
Would'ſt thou compoſe thy Thoughts, and be content.
I ſhou'd be happy. [Brook,

Tim. Let's quench our Thirſt at yonder murmuring
And then repoſe a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter, *and* Muſician.

Poet. As I took Note o' th' Place, it cannot be far off where he abides.

Muſ. Does the Rumour hold for certain, that he's ſo full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H'has found an infinite Store of Gold; He has ſent a Pattern of it to the Senate; You will ſee him a Palm again in *Athens*, And flouriſh with the higheſt of 'em all; Therefore 'tis fit, in this ſuppos'd Diſtreſs, We tender all our Services to him——

Paint. If the Report be true, we ſhall ſucceed.

Muſ. If we ſhou'd not——

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint Labours. Yon is he, I know by the Deſcription.

Muſ. Let's hide our ſelves, and ſee how he will take it.

[*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Muſick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues, who have heard that I have Gold; but that their Diſappointment would be greater, in taking Pains for nought, I'd ſend 'em back——

Poet. Hail, worthy *Timon*!——

Muſ. Our moſt noble Maſter——

Paint. My moſt excellent Lord!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your Bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fall'n off,
For whose ungrateful Natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you Service.

Mus. We are not of so base a Mold, we should
Desert our noble Patron.

Tim. Most honest Men! oh! how shall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water?

Poet. Whate'er we can we will, to do you Service.

Tim. Good Men! come, you are honest, you have heard
That I have Gold enough! speak Truth, ye're honest.

Poet. So it is said; but therefore came we not.

Mus. Not we, my Lord!

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good Men, but have one mon'strous Fault.

Poet. I beseech your Honour what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, tripartite! begone? make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves! [*He flouts 'em.*

Poet. Fy, fy,—— [*All run out.*

Tim. How sick am I of this false World? I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light Foam
Of the Outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no Rest without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*; there is Wealth enough.

Evan. I have no Wealth but thee; let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy—— [*They lie down.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there. It is most certain he has found a Mass of Money; and he has sent Word to the Senate, he is richer than ever.

Chl. Sure, were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm him

him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting him has made him thus melancholly.

Cbl. If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain,
For I'll be sure to break it; Thus you saw,
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To Interest and to myself. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What Wretch art thou, come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee;
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her Arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*; prithee, listen not
To her destructive Syren's Voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Do'st thou not know thy dear *Melissa*,
To whom thou mad'st such Vows?

Tim. O yes, I know that Piece of Vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant, foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal Love to me; soon after,
She would not see me, shunn'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon!*
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou did'st love me; if thou had'st,
Thou would'st have borne it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World—but thou art false, I see,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodile's Tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind? Had I
So much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er seen thee more:
Ah *Timon!* could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade another's Right?

He's

He's mine, for ever mine; Theſe Arms
Shall keep him from thee. [Ex.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made him
No——Thou'rt his Concubine, diſhoneſt Thing;
I would enjoy him honeſtly.

Tim. Peace, Screech-Owl! There is much more Honeſty
In this one Woman, than in all thy Sex
Blended together; Our Hearts are one,
And ſhe is mine for ever. Wer't thou the Queen
Of all the Univerſe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! This is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falſe! proud! affected! vain fantaſtick Thing!
Begone, I would not ſee thee, unleſs I were
A Baſiliſk: Thou boaſt'ſt that thou art honeſt of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honeſt: Thou haſt a vile
Corrupted filthy Mind——

Mel. I am no Whore as ſhe is.

Tim. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe's none; But thou art one in thy Soul.
Begone, or thou'lt prove me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel Beaſt—— [*Ex.* Mel. *and* Chloe.

Evan. Let me kiſs thy Hand, my deareſt Lord,
If it were poſſible, more dear than ever.

Tim. *Let's now go ſeek ſome Reſt within my Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlaſting Manſion
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood,
Where every Day the ſwelling Surge ſhall waſh him:
There he ſhall reſt from all the Villanies,
Betraying Smiles, or th' oppreſſing Frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot loſe thee yet,
Throw off this dire, conſuming Melancholy.
Oh could'ſt thou love as I do! thou'd'ſt not have
Another Wiſh but me. There is no State on Earth
Which I can envy while I've thee within
Theſe Arms——take Comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death——leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'ſt thou in Death we ſhall not think,
And know, and love, better than we can here?
Oh yes, *Evandra!* There our Happineſs
Will be without a Wiſh——I feel my long Sickneſs
Of Health and Living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things: Thou, *Evandra*,
Art the thing alone on Earth would make me wiſh
To play my Part upon the troubleſome Stage,
Where Folly, Madneſs, Falſhood, and Cruelty,
Are the only Actions repreſented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully,
Without one erring Thought, the Gods can witneſs;
And as my Life was true, my Death ſhall be;
If I one Minute after thee ſurvive,
The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be
Meliſſa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*
Thy Kindneſs covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deſerv'd to loſe from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd with the World on Fire.
Enter Nicias, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Cleon, Thraſillus, *and* Ælius.
More Plagues yet!
Nic. How does the worthy *Timon?*
It grieves our Hearts to ſee thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.
Phæax. We and th' *Athenians* cannot live without thee;
Caſt from thee this ſad Grief, moſt noble *Timon,*
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one conſenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens.*
Tim. I thank 'em, and would ſend them back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.
Ælius. The Gods forbid! they love thee moſt ſincerely.
Tim. I will return 'em the ſame Love they bear me.
Nic. Forget, moſt noble *Timon:* they are ſorry
They ſhould deny thee thy Requeſt: they do
Confeſs their Fault; the publick Body,
Which ſeldom does recant, confeſſes it.
Cleon. And has ſent us——
Tim. A very ſcurvy Sample of that Body!
Phæax. Oh my good Lord! we've ever lov'd you beſt
Of all Mankind.
Thraſ. And equal with our ſelves.
Iſid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.
Iſand. We would ſtake our Lives for you.
Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you ſhou'd
So miſinterpret our beſt Loves.
Cleon. Which ſhall continue ever firm to you.
Tim. Good Men! you much ſurprize me, even to Tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart, and Womens Eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe Comforts, worthy Lords.
Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.
Phæax. The Senate has reſerv'd ſome ſpecial Dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with abſolute Command.

Nic.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force, and like a favage Bear,
Roots up his Country's Peace: we humbly beg
Thy juft Affiftance.

Phæax. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And haft oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond Return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord——

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countryman,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he faith fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by the Beards,
Giving up pureft Virgins to the Stuft
Of beaftly mad-brain'd Wars; then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chufe but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worfe; for their Swords care not,
While you have Throats to anfwer: For my felf,
There's not a Knive in all th' unruly Camp,
But I do love, and value more than the
Moft rev'rend Throat in *Athens*; tell 'em fo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains!

Phæax. Oh my good Lord! you think too hardly of us,

Ælius. Hang him! there's no Hopes of him.

Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Mifanthropos*.

Phæax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not ferve
Your Country with fome of it?

Tim. O my dear Country! I do reeant
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em,
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they fhall be welcome.

Nic. I am fure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will inftruct 'em how to eafe their Griefs,
Their Fears of hoftile Strokes, their Aches, Loffes,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes
That Nature's fragil Veffels muft fuftain
In Life's uncertain Voyage.

Phæax. How my good Lord! this kind Care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus——

I will

I will point out the moſt convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themſelves upon.
And ſo farewel, ye covetous fawning Slaves begone!
Let me not ſee the Face of Man more, I
Had rather ſee a Tyger ſuſting——

Nic. He's loſt to all our Purpoſes.

Phæax. Let's ſend a Party out of *Athens* to him,
To force him to confeſs his Treaſure;
And put him to the Torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well! let's away. [*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are thoſe?

Phæax. They muſt belong to *Alcibiades*:
To Horſe, and fly, or we ſhall chance be taken. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'ſt ſuffer by the Rage of luſtful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais, *two Whores.*

Alcib. Command a Halt, and ſend a Meſſenger
To ſummon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? ſpeak. [thee,

Tim. A two-legg'd Beaſt, as thou art, Cankers gnaw
For ſhewing me the Face of Man again.

Alcib. Is Man ſo hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am *Miſanthropus!* I hate Mankind:
And for thy Part, I wiſh thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Againſt yon curſed Town: Go on! 'tis
A worthy Cauſe.

Alcib. Oh *Timon!* now I know thee, I am ſorry
For thy Misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me Occaſion to redreſs 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my Condition
For all you e'er ſhall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Man's Blood the Earth: Dye it well.
Religious Canons, Civil Laws are cruel,
What then muſt War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this Change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting Light to give,
And then renew: I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib.

Alcib. What Friendſhip ſhall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promiſe me Friendſhip, and perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, thou art no Man: If thou doſt perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to ſee thy Miſery.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy Time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a Brace of Harlots. What, do'ſt thou fight with Women by thy Side?

Alcib. No; but after all the Toils and Hazards of the Day with Men, I refreſh my ſelf at Night with Women.

Tim. Theſe falſe Whores of thine have more Deſtruction in 'em than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to ſay ſo——

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion? A ſnarling Raſcal.

Tim. Be Whores ſtill; they love you not that uſe you; Employ all your Salt Hours to ruine Youth, Soften their Manners into a Lethargy Of Senſe and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monſter! We are not Whores, we are Miſtreſſes to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right Name is Whore, do not miſcal it; Ye have been ſo to many.

Thais. Out on you, Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him, His Wits are loſt in his Calamities: I have but little Gold, but here's ſome for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainſt *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beaſts, I'd go with ye; But I'll not herd with Men; yet I love thee Better than all Men, becauſe thou wer't born To ruin thy baſe Country.

Alcib. I've ſent to ſummon *Athens*; if ſhe obeys not I'll lay her on a Heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act! go on, go on; Here's Gold for thee; ſtay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Myſtery is this! where ſhould he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,

Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword ſkip one; ſpare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Uſurer, ſtrike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her Habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd; let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make ſoft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving Suck;
Spare not the Babe, whoſe dimpled Smiles
From Fools exhauſt their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue, or Whore, ere long, if thou ſhould'ſt ſpare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whoſe Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor Sight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phry. Haſt thou more Gold good *Timon?* give us ſome,

Thais. What Pity 'tis he ſhould be thus melancholy!
He is a fine Perſon now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I'm ſure you will
Do Store of Miſchief, I'd not give you any;
Here! be ſure you be Whores ſtill,
And who with pious Breath ſeeks to convert ye,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd no matter,
Wear them! betray with them, Whore ſtill;
Paint till a Horſe may mire upon your Faces———
A Pox on Wrinkles, I ſay.

Thais. Well, more Gold, ſay what thou wilt

Tim. Sow your Conſumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins
And Shoulders: Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead falſe Title more.
Entice the luſtful and diſſembling Prieſts,
That ſcold againſt the Quality of Fleſh,
And not believe themſelves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, laſcivious, rampant Whores,
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-beds and your Graves.

Phr. More Counſel, and more Money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore! more Miſchief firſt,

I've

I've given you Earneſt.

Alcib. We but diſturb him! farewel,
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more:
I feel Death's happy Stroke upon me now,
He has laid his icy Hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy ſelf. [*Exit* Tim.

Alcib. Now march, ſound Trumpets, and beat Drums,
And let the Terror of the Noiſe invade
Th' ungrateful, cowardly, uſurious Senate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thraſillus, Iſidore, Iſander, *upon the Works of* Athens.

Nic. What ſhall we do to appeaſe his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæax. We muſt e'en humbly bow our Necks, that he
May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a Man of eaſy Nature, ſoon won by Soothings.

Nic. I tremble leſt he ſhould revenge our Sentence.

Iſid. If we ſhou'd reſiſt, he'll level *Athens*.

Iſand. And then Woe to our ſelves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me *Phæax*?
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Phæax. Let us appear moſt forward in delivering up the Town to him.

Nic. If we reſiſt, he'll uſe a Conqu'ror's Power,
And nothing then will 'ſcape the Fury of
The headſtrong Soldiers; we muſt all ſubmit.
See, he approaches. Theſe Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terror in me! Heav'n help all.

Enter Herald, *then* Alcibiades *and his Army*,

Alcib. What Anſwer make they to my Summons?

Herald. They are on the Works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the Works! give me and my Army Entrance,
Or I'll let looſe the Fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a Prey to Spoil and Rapine;
And ſuch a Flame I'll light about your Ears

Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord, we mean nothing leſs.

Pheax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

Nic. We've been ungrateful, and are much aſham'd on't;
Your Lordſhip ſhall tread upon our Necks, if you think
We cannot but condemn our ſelves, [good;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generoſity.

Phæax. March, noble Lord, into our City,
With all the Banners ſpread; we are thy Slaves.

Æſius. Your Footſtools.

Iſid. Whatever you will make us.

Thraſ. Enter our City, noble *Alcibiades*, but leave
Your Rage behind you.

Iſand. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open—ſo you will enter like a Friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates, without Cvpitulations,
For if I ſet my Battering Rams to work,
You muſt expect no Mercy.

Nic. We will, my good Lord—

[*They all come down.* Nicias *preſents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy Hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you ſhew'd
To *Thraſibulus*; ſuch monſtrous Ingratitude
Will make your villainous Names grow odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your ſelves.
To whom Vertue is ſo.

Phæax. 'Twas the whole Senate's Voice.

Alcib. A Senate! a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreſted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worſe than they;
But moſt of you deſerve the Oſtraciſm;
Some of you are ſuch Rogues, you'd ſhame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our Necks but pardon us.

Phæax. We'll be your Slaves, if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thraſibulus* when he's dead?
Muſt we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards, and
Our Toils, hard weary Marching, Watching, Faſting,

Such dreadful Hardſhips; lying out ſuch Nights
A Beaſt could not abide without a Covert,
And all for purſy, lazy Knaves, that ſnort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Muſt we, the Bulwarks of our Country, be
Thus us'd!

Phæax. Ceaſe to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades.*

Thraſ. We heartily repent.

Iſid. We'll kiſs thy Feet, good Lord.

Iſand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You ſix of the foremoſt here muſt meet me
In the ANUX, where I'll order the PRITANES
To aſſemble all the People——
And on your Knees preſent your ſelves
With Halters 'bout your Necks.

Phæax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Diſpute it not; for by the Gods, if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Riſle your Houſes, and extirpate all
Your Race——March on.
Give Order that not a Man ſhall break his Ranks,
Or ſhall offend the regular Courſe of Juſtice,
On Penalty of Death—March on. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra, *coming out of the Cave.*

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you ſtoop and bend,
Like Flowers o'er-charg'd with Dew, whoſe yielding Stalks
Cannot ſupport 'em? I have a Cordial, which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, ſweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the beſt Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh, my dear *Timon!* muſt we then part?
That I ſhould live to ſee this fatal Day!
Had Death but ſeiz'd me firſt, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*, lead me to my Grave,
Leſt Death o'ertake me—he purſues me hard;
He's cloſe upon me. 'Tis the laſt Office thou

Can'ſt do for *Timon.*

Evan. Hard, ſtubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my laſt Tenement. Death's the trueſt Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So, now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almoſt finiſh'd: Now, my beſt *Evandra,*
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
Live! and live happy after me; and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let ſome Diverſion
Baniſh it quickly——ſtrive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon!* Think'ſt thou, I am ſuch a Coward
I will not keep my Word? Death ſhall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promiſe me to live, I cannot
Reſign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my Soul ſhall follow thee
And hover ſtill about thee, and guard thee from
All Harm.

Evan. Life is the greateſt Harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'ſt thou forgive thy *Timon,* who involv'd
Thee in his ſad Calamities?

Evan. It is a Bleſſing to ſhare any thing
With thee: O thou look'ſt pale, thy Countenance changes,
O whither art thou going.

Tim. To my laſt Home. I charge thee, live, *Evandra;*
Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only, deareſt, kind, conſtant Thing on Earth!
Farewel. [*Dies.*

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the World were ſo!
I muſt make Haſte, or I ſhall not o'ertake
Him in his Flight. *Timon,* I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel baſe World. [*Stabs herſelf. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Soldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.*

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades!* welcome! doubly welcome!

The

The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſs thee,
Wonder and Terror of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: Now thy *Meliſſa*'s happy,
She has liv'd to ſee the utmoſt Day ſhe wiſh'd for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every Day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long ere this.

Alcib. What gay, vain prating Thing is this?

Mel. How my Lord! do you queſtion who *Meliſſa* is?
And give her ſuch foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Meliſſa*, and therefore give her ſuch
Titles; for when the Senate baniſh'd me,
She would not ſee me, tho' upon her Knees
Before ſhe had ſworn eternal Love to me;
I ſee thy Snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to ſee you, Heav'n can witneſs!
Whoever told you ſo betray'd me baſely.
Not ſee you! ſure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuſe before you: You make me aſtoniſh'd!

Alcib. All this you ſwore to *Timon*; and next Day
Deſpis'd him——I have been inform'd
Of all your Falſhood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honeſt faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes againſt thy Poiſon—Love:
Thy baſe falſe Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
A Thouſand, baſe, ill-natur'd honeſt Women?

Mel. I never thought I ſhould have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do ſomething for thee:
I have a Corporal that has ſerv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Scorn—farewel,
I'll never ſee you more. [*Ex.*

Alcib. I hope you will not.

[*Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, hauling in* Apemantus.

How now! what means this Violence?

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* My Lord! this ſnarling villainous Philoſopher, with open Mouth rail'd at the Army; he ſaid the General was a Villain: Shall we cut his Throat?

Alcib. No; touch him not! unhand him! Why, *Apementus*, did'ſt thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always ſpeak my Thoughts; Not all The Swords o'th' Army bent againſt my Throat Can fright me from the Truth—

Alcib. Why do'ſt thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this baſe Town deſerves thy Scourge, And all the Terror and the Puniſhment Thou can'ſt inflict upon it: The Deed is good, But yet thou do'ſt it ill; private Revenge, Baſe Paſſion, headſtrong Luſt, incite thee to it; Had they not baniſh'd thee, thou would'ſt have ſuffer'd Wrong ſtill to proſper, and th' inſulting Tyrants To thrive, ſwell, and grow fat with their Oppreſſion, And wouldſt have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'ſt too much for a Philoſopher.

Apem. Nay, frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee;

All thy good Parts thou drown'ſt in Vice and Riot, In Paſſion and Vain-glory: How proud art thou Of all thy Conqueſts——when a poor Rabble Of idle Rogues, who elſe had been in Jails, Perform'd 'em for thee; how falſe is Soldier's Honour! With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of Day With daring Impudence Men go to murther Mankind. But in the greateſt Actions of their Lives, The getting Men, they ſneak and hide themſelves I'th' dark; I ſcorn your Folly and your Madneſs.

Alcib. Thou art a ſnarling Cur.

1 *Sold.* Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honour'd *Socrates* favour'd thee, And for his Sake I ſpare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* loſe his Pains in thee? Had'ſt thou obſerv'd his Principles, thou'd'ſt been honeſt.

Enter

Enter Nicias, Thraſillus, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*

Nicias. We come, my noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phæax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em in
Thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you're ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have uſed me baſely.

All. We have, but we are very ſorry.

Alcib. I ſhould do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but Thouſand ſuch baſe Lives
As yours would not weigh with his! Go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are aſſembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[*He aſcends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow-Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjuſt Sentence paſt upon me,
In the Return of which I have ſubdu'd
Your Enemies, and all revolted Places,
Made you victorious both at Land and Sea,
And with continual Toil and numberleſs Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I'll not recount the many Enterprizes
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have ſerv'd you. Now it remains
I farther ſhould declare myſelf; I come
Firſt to free you good Citizens of *Athens*
From the moſt inſupportable Yokes
Of your Four Hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Eſtate, which has unjuſtly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confeſs, I in revenge of your Decree
Againſt me, ſet up them, but never thought
They would have been ſuch curſed Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on, and fill'd the Time
With moſt licentious Acts, making their Wills,
Their baſe corrupted Wills, the Scope of Juſtice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Sufferings.

Thus

Thus when a few ſhall lord it o'er the reſt,
They govern for themſelves, and not the People.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t'increaſe
Their private Stores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they
Will do themſelves no Harm; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the Government ſhall devolve
Upon the People, and may Heav'n proſper 'em.

[*People ſhout, and cry,* Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Long live Alcibiades! *Liberty, Liberty,* &c.

[Alcib. *deſcendi.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stabb'd, and juſt by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inſcription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon my Name, a Plague conſume you Caitiffs left.

Poor *Timon!* I once knew thee the moſt flouriſhing Man
Of all th' *Athenians,* and thou ſtill hadſt been ſo,
Had not theſe ſmiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And murder'd thee with baſe Ingratitude.
His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandra's* too:
That Miracle of Conſtancy in Love.
Now all repair to their reſpective Homes,
Their ſeveral Trades, their Buſ'neſs and Diverſions;
And whilſt I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battles, be you ſecure at home.

May Athens *flouriſh with a laſting Peace,*
And may its Wealth and Power e'er increaſe.

[*All the People ſhout and cry,* Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty! Liberty! &c.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

IF there were Hopes that ancient, ſolid Wit
Might pleaſe within our new fantaſtick Pit,
This Play might then ſupport the Critick's Shock,
This Scien graſted upon Shakeſpear's Stock;
For, join'd with his, our Poet's Parts might thrive,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Tho' now no more ſubſtantial Engliſh Plays
Than good old Hoſpitality you praiſe;
The Time ſhall come, when true old Senſe ſhall riſe
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Sight Kickſhaw Wit o'th' Stage, French Meat at Feaſts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gueſts;
While the old Engliſh Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry Onſets would ſuſtain.
At theſe thin Feaſts each Morſel's ſwallow'd down,
And ev'ry Thing but the Gueſts Stomach's gone.
At theſe new faſhion'd Feaſts you've but a Taſte,
With Meat or Wit you ſcarce can break a Faſt.
This Jantee Slightneſs to the French we owe,
And that makes all ſlight Wits admire 'em ſo.
They're of one Level, and with little Pains
The frothy Poet good Reception gains;
But to hear Engliſh Wit there's Uſe of Brains.
Tho' Sparks to imitate the French think fit,
In Want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And, which is moſt, in Clothes; we'll ne'er ſubmit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours ſhall ne'er advance,
For our third Rates ſhall match the firſt of France.
With Engliſh Judges this may bear the Teſt,
Who will for Shakeſpear's Part forgive the reſt.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others ſay;
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.

They

EPILOGUE.

They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come;
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
Each here doux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,
Levels Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No Passion,
But for their own dear Persons, them can move;
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own Sense or Persons like.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wit's mortal Enemies:
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them, he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
They for Evandra's *Sake will sure be kind;*
At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.

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